Euphues Golden LEGACIE.

Found after his death in his Cell at SILEXEDRA.

Bequeathed to PHILAVTVS Sonnes, nurſed up with their Father in ENGLAND.

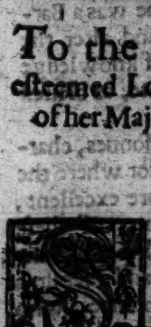
Fetcht from the Canaries, by T. L. *Gent.*

LONDON

Printed for *Francis Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dunſtans* Church-yard in Fleetſtreet, vnder the Dyall, 1642.

14454.38.25 *

To the right Honourable and his moſt eſteemed Lord, the Lord of HVNSDON, Lord Chamberlain of her Majeſties houſhold, and Governour of the Towne of Barwicke: T. L. G. wiſheth increaſe of all honourable vertues.



Vch Romans (right Honourable) as delighted in Martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of *Auguſtus*, becauſe hee was a patron of Souldiers; and *Virgill* deſcribed with Poems as a Mecenas of ſchollers: both ioyntly advancing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike, and learned. Such as ſacrifice to *Pallas*, preſent her Bayes as ſhee is wiſe, and with armour as ſhee is valiant: obſerving herein that excellent [illegible] which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the perſon. When I entred (right Honourable) with a deepe inſight into the conſideration of thoſe promiſes, ſeeing your Lordſhip to bee a Patron of all Martiall men, and a Mecenas of ſuch as apply themſelves to ſtudie, wearing with *Pallas* both the Launce and the Bay, and ayming with *Auguſtus* at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being my ſelfe both a Student, and afterwards falling from Bookes to Armes, even vowed in all my thoughts, dutifully to affect your Lordſhip.

Having with Captaine *Clarke* made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this Booke: rough, as hacht in the ſtormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the ſurges of many perillous Seas. But as it is the worke of a ſouldier and a Scholler, I preſume to ſhroude it under your Honours patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions, and whoſe honourable love growne from the generall applauſe of

the whole common-wealth for your higher defert, may keepe from the malice of every bitter tongue.

Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as being Scholler with your noble Sonnes, Master *Edmund Carew*, and Master *Robert Carew*, (two stems worthy of so Honourable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honorable fruit) as also being Scholler in the Vniverſitie, vnder that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir *Edward Hobby*, when he was a Bachelor in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the Etimologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affection be placed on the Father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the consideration of these fore-passed reasons, to present my booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreat, your Honour will vouchsafe of my labours, and favour a Souldiers and a Scholliers pen, with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what wants in eloquence: so devoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is to end his life under the favour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in not depying the patronage of my worke; I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire or imagine.

Your honours Souldier and humbly affectionate:

Tho. Lodge.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

GEntlemen, looke not here to finde any sprigs of Pallas Baytree, nor to heare the humours of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleasing veyne of any eloquent Orator. Nolo altum sapere, they be matters above my capacity: the Coblers check shall never light on my head. Ne sutor ultra crepidam, I will goe no further then the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find some leaues of Venus mirtle, but browsed downe by a Souldier with his curtleaxe, not bought with the allurements of a filed tongue. To be briefe Gentlemen, I serue for a Souldier and a Sayler, that gives you the fruites of his labour, that hee wrote in the Ocean, where every line was met with a surge, and every humorous passion counterchecke with a storme, If you like it so, and yet I will be yours to dutie, if you be mine in favour: But if Momus, or any disquieted asse, that hath eares to longe to conceiue with Midas, and yet listens in dust: If hee come aboard our barke to finde faults with our tackling where he knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a ruffie Pollax, that saw no smoke this seaven yeeres, and either will breathe him, or heave the cockes-combe ouer-board to feed Cods. But courteous Gentlemen, that fauour most backbite none, and pardon what is ouerslipt, let such come welcome, Ile cure the skrewed rosen, and frith them a Kan of our best beverage. Well Gentlemen you have Euphues Legacie, if it like it as serue in the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it, censure with favour and farewell.

Yours T. L.

The Scedule annexed to Euphues *Testament, the tenour of his Legacie, the ordering of his love.*

THE vehemencie of my sickneſſe, *Philautus*, hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet muſt I dye in counſailing thee. Thou haſt Sonnes by *Camilla*, as I heare, who being young in yeeres, haue greene thoughts: and nobly borne hauing great mindes, bend them in youth like the Willow, leſt thou bewaile them in their Age for their wilfulnes. I haue bequeathed them a *Golden Legacie*, becauſe I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as *Ptolomie* did *Cosmodraſy*, to profite by it; and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the beſt method. They ſhall find loue counterfeited by *Euphues*, with as liuely colours as in *Appelles* Table: Roſes to whip him when hee is wanton, reaſon to withſtand him when hee is headie.

Heere may they reade that vertue is the King of labour, Opinion the miſtreſſe of Fooles, that Vanitie is the pride of Nature, Contention the ouerthrow of Friendſhip: heere is Elleborus bitter in taſte but beneficiall in tryall. I haue nothing to ſend to thee *Camilla* but this counſell, that inſtead of worldly goods, you leaue your Sonnes vertue and glory: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, than Lords of your Mannors. I feele death that ſummons me to my grave, and my ſoule deſirous of his God. Farewel *Philautus*, and let the tenour of my counſell be applyed to thy Childrens comfort.

Euphues dying to liue.

If any man finde this forowle ſend it to Philautus in England.

Euphues golden Legacie.

HERE dwelt adioyning to the City of Bordeaux, a Knight of most honourable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with many fauours, and Nature honoured with liuely exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question, whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall, in vnciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise he was, and holding in his head a supreme counsell of policie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuill gouernment: and to make his wisedome more gracious, he had that *Salomonicall*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Vlisses: his valour was no lesse than his wit, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible, than the sweetnes of his tongue was perswasiue; for hee was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This braue Knight, thus inriched with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir Iohn of Bordeaux, hauing passed the prime of his youth in many battels against the Turks, at last (as the day of time hath his course) grew aged: his haires were siluer-hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead. Honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many veines were portrayed in his wrinkles: insomuch, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessity challenged her due. Sir Iohn that with the Pilgrim knew the tearme of his life was now expired, and could tary the Sommons sildomer pro ens by her power, hauing euen fourtes by his wife Lineda, the very pride of his liues pallas yeeres, thought nyte hasting death by constraine would compell him to leaue them, to bestow vpon them such a Legacie as might be worthy his loue, and his creats their liuing vnlike. Calling therefore these young Gentlemen vnto him, in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, he vttered to them a memorial of all his fatherly care, in leauing vnto them a testament of their prosperity future. Hauing therefore

heatly

beauty in his looks to move them to pitie, and teares in his eyes, to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, his begun.

Sir Iohn of Burdeaux Legacie he gaue to his Sonnes.

O my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period to my yeeres, and Destinies have determined finall end of my daies, the Date-tree scarcely stands vpon, by he stoopeth in his height, & my plumes are full of ficke feathers touched with age, I must to my graue that will purge all cares, & leaue pomp to the world that decreaseth among forraines. My elder sonnes contain great experience, and the number of my yeeres haue made them the subtilties of fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some young pelfe to counterchecke poberty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Salomine the eldest, & therefore the eldest pillar of my house, wherein fortune be ingraued, aswell the excellencie of thy fathers qualities, as the essential fayres of his proportion, to thee I giue fourteene plowlands, with all my Barons houses and riches plate. Next vnto Fernandine I bequeath fiuelong plowlands: But vnto Roldier the youngest, I giue my horse, my armes, a mightie launce, with fifteene plough lands: for if the inferiors chaunges be answered by aduentrous hardines, Roldier will exceed you all in bountie and honour. Now (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, it resteth you bee as good vigall to liue, as I haue been carefull to get, your life shall giue vs to see you more vertuous then I was bountifull, and your loue finde that my fall shall begin at your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the name of my hermite, the loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Serue your Queene as my honourable friendes, and helpe your fellow seruants modestly of so flourishing a time: Looke as the White Halcyones which reserue in whitenesse, I wish young eyes that weare in blackness, & looke not (my sonnes) against the sunne that discouereth his fire, but beare currently into heauen, they that fixe their eyes at the starre, stumble vpon the stones: and they that gaze at the sunne (vnlesse they be Eagle eyed) fall blind: beare not to high

sayle

with the Hobby, least you fall with the Larke: nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus. Fortune when shee wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with waxe and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or else beware the Sun, & hold Dedalus ariome authenticall (*Medium tenuisse tutissimum.*) Low shrubs have deepe roote, and poore cottages great patience. Fortune lokes ouer hyward, and enby aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Make heed my sons, the meane is sweetest melodie, where strings streche high, either some they cracke, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, and thanke that you are not borne for your selves, but to bend your thoughts to bee loyall to your Prince, carefull for the common weale, and faithfull to your friends, so shall France say these men are excellent in vertues, as they bee exquisite in features. Oh my sons; a friend is a precious Jewell, within whose bosome you may unload your sorrow, and unfold your secrets, and hee either will relieve with counsell, or perswade with reason: but take heed in the choice, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Kalenders of Truth. When the Liquorice leafe lookes most drie, then it is most wet: when the shores of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they lurepaint a storme. The Basiliske leafe the more fayre it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest words is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sonnes, shake a friend as the Hiperborei doe their mettals, sever them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be current? so try and then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and the memorie faithfull lay them up for Jewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardize is the enemie of honour, but not too rash, for that is extreame. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bounds, & prescribed with circumstance. But above all, and with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Love, for it is far more perilous than pleasant: and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, beautie is a slicke thing, and beauties paintings are trickt up with traines colours, which being set to drie in the Sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but bolde & glittering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inspire nothing but desires: a Womans eye, as it is precious to behold, so it is perilous to gaze upon: for as it allureth delight, so it mar-

reth into death. Trust not their fawning fauours, for their loues are like the heath of a man vpon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentanie as the colours of a Polype, which chaungeth at the sight of euery obiect. My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes wax dimme, the houre is come, and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, choose one that hath eies of adamant, that will turne onely to one point, her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one figure, her tongue of a Shethin leafe that neuer wagges but with a swift will wise: and yet my sonnes, if she haue all these qualities, take vnto, obedient, and silent: yet for that she is a woman, shall yee finde in her sufficient vanity to countermaile her vertues. My now my sonnes, heare now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my eyes is spent, and my fire is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them bee lodged in the secrets of your hearts: for wisedome is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a mount of treasure. In my fall sir, my sonnes, the folly of man, that being mist climbeth with Briarius, to reach at the Pleiades, and readye euery minute to die: yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest day of his yeares, but a blazing blaze. Seeing then man is so mortall, bee careful that thy selfe be vertuous, that thy death may be full of honorable honours: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy factor, and put oblination to exile with thine honourable actions. But my sonnes, let you thoughtfull your fathers actions, take this scrotole, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this he drunke wine in his bed, and gaue vp the ghost.

Iohn of Bordeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sonnes, and bewailed of his friends especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. This obsequies done, Saladine called, next his Epistle, the contents of the scrotole to be portrayed out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the scheduls which Sir *Iohn* of *Bordeaux* gaue his sonnes.

My

MY sonnes, behold what portion I doe give,
I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost:
I leave advise to schoole you how to live.
I leave you wit, but won with little cost:
But keepe it well, for counsell still is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choise of thrift, let honour be your gaine.
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might:
In doing good, esteeme thy trouble no paine.
Protect the fatherlesse, and widdowes right.
Fight for thy faith, thy Country, and thy King:
For why? this thrift will prove a blessed thing.

In choise of wife preferre the modest chaste,
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell:
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defac't,
Then chuse thy wife by wit, and living well,
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withall,
Presents thee honie mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beleife,
A painted tongue may shrowde a subtile heart:
The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle griefe,
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart,
Chuse in your wants, and be that loves you then,
When richer growen, be friend you him again.

Learne with the Ant in summer to provide,
Drive with the Bee, the Drone from out the hive:
Build like the Swallow, in the summer tide.
Spare not too much (my sonnes) but sparing thrive,
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne:
So by your death, your glory shall beginne.

Saladine having thus set up the Schedule, and hanged about his fathers herse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him to be pining sorrowfull, clad himselfe and his brothers all in blacke, and in such sable sutes discovered his griefe: but as the Hiena when she mourneth is most guilefull, so Saladine, under the shew of griefe,

shadoweth, his heart full of contented thoughts. The Tiger though he hide his clawes, will at last discover his rapin, the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans phythomy is not the display of his secrets: fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will have his recourse. Nature and Art may doe much, but that *natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingrafted in the heart, will bee at last perforce predominant, according to the olde verse:

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

So fared it with Saladine, for after a moneths mourning was past, hee fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brother then to himselfe, (that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition,) that as yet they were not come to yeeres, and hee being their guardian, might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such havocke of their legacies and lands, as they should bee a great deale the lighter: whereupon hee began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

SAladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of reflecte passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fired with the hope of present preferment? by the one thou art counselled to content thee with thy fortunes: by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great vexatite, and there is no finester physicke then scorne. Avicen like a fole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde. O Saladine what were thy fathers precepts breathed into thy minde? hath then so soone forgotten his principles? did hee not learne thee from coueting without honour, and climbing without vertue? did he not bid thee to aime at any action that should not be honourable: and what will bee more preiudiciall to thy credite, then the covetous gaine of thy brothers prosperity? and wilt thou become the historian of their fortune? is there any finester thing then content, by it maist put those to shame then enuie? are you not sonnes of one father, heires of one land, birds of one nest? and wilt thou become so vnnaturall as to rob them thou shouldest relieue? No Saladine, intreate them as fathers, and entertaine them with loue, so shalt thou haue the ver-

tuous

conscience cleere, and thy renowme excellent: Truth, what words are these, base knaue: farre vnfit (if thou bee wise) for thy honour. What though thy father at his death talked many frivolous matters, as one that doted for age, and raued in his sickneſſe: shall his words be Axioms, and his talke bee so authenticall, as thou wilt (to obserue them) preiudice thy selfe? No, no, Saladine, sicke mens wills that are parroll, having no hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a Citie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every wind. What man, thy father is dead, and he can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore bury thy words with his carkaſſe, and be wise for thy selfe: what, tis not so old as true:

Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.

Thy brother is young, keepe him now in awe, make him not checkmate with thy selfe: for,

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit

Let him know little, so shall hee not bee able to execute much, suppreſſe his wits with a base estate, and though hee bee a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peſant by nature: so shalt thou keepe a flame, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers poſſeſſions. As for Fernandine, thy middle brother, he is a scholler, and hath no minde but on Ariſtotle, let him reade on Galen, while thou riſeſt with gold, and poare on his booke, whileſt thou purchaſeſt lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning, it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladine, making his brother Roſader his foot-boy, for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such seruile ſubiection, as if had been the soune of any Country vaſſall. The young gentleman bare all with patience, till one a day, walking in the garden by himſelfe, hee began to conſider how hee was the sonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, a Knight renowned in many victories, and a gentleman famouſed for his vertues, who contrary to the teſtament of his father, was not onely kept from his land, and intreated as a ſeruant, but moreouer in such ſecret ſlavery, as hee might not attain to any honourable actions. Alas ſaid hee to himſelfe (nature working these ſecreatall paſſions) why ſhould I that am a gentleman borne, paſſe my time in ſuch vnnaturall drudgery? were not better, either in Paris to become a ſcholer, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a ſouldier, then to liue a foot boy to mine owne brother: nature hath

but me wit to conceiue, but my brother denies mee Art to contemplate. I haue strength to performe any honorable exploite, but no liberty to accomplish my vertuous indeauours: those good parts that God hath bestowed vpon mee, the enuy of my brother doth smother vp in obscurity, the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnesse. With that, casting vp his hand, he felt haire on his face, and perceiuing his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himselfe, he would be no more subiect to such slauery. As thus he was ruminating his melancholly passions, in came Saladine with his men, and seeing his brother in a brauing study, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps, thus. Sirra, (quoth he) is your mindeon your paste pens? or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner ready? At this question Rosader turning his head aliance: and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire he made this reply. Dost thou aske me (Saladine) for thy cates? aske some of thy cheries, who are fit for such an office, I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth: and though thou hast more cards in thy hand, I haue as many trumps in mine hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou sold my woods, spoyld my manor; houses, and made hauocke of such vtensils, as my father bequeathed vnto me? Tell thy Saladine, either answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemie.

At this reply of Rosaders, Saladine smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned, as checking his folly: he therefore taunts him by these speeches. What sirra, I see, early pricking the tree that will proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you coy, or my good lookes apalente you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remoue such a fault, and I will hew the tree before it is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I hate a stubbe for such a head-strong colt. Goe sirra, lay hold on him, and binde him, and then I will giue him a seuing carp for his choler. Thus mad Rosader had meant, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee layd such lode vpon his teachers men, that he part some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so furious, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safety and taske him to a full entreating to the garden, whither Rosader pursues him hotly. Saladine afraide of his brothers fury, cryed out to him

thus

thus. Rosader be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done this wrong, Ile make thee amends: revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old Sir John of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frowns ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, look not so sowrely. I know we shall be friends, and better friends than we have bin. For, *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

These words appeased the choler of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that hee laid downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parley, they imbraced each other, and became friends, and Saladine promised Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour else, much hee, any waies inferiour for the nature of a brother, may performe. Upon these sugred reconciliations, they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bordeaux. Thus continued the sad hidden in the straw, till it chanced that Torismond King of France had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling, and of Tournament to bustle his Commonwealth, least being idle, their thoughts should run upon former matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King: a Champion there was to stand against all comers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength, so valiant, that in many such combats he allwayes bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which he encountred, but often with the weight of his body, killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, slilt by secret meanes conuented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to swear, that if Rosader came within his clawes, he should never more returne to quarrell with Saladine for his possessions. The Norman hethrone of pelfe, as (*Quæ nil habent in animo nobilitatis reliquis corrumpit.*) taking great gifts for little gaine, tooke the crownes of Saladine to performe the stratagem. Having thus eyed the Champion to his villanous determination, he (as hath bin said) discovered the intent of his purpose thus. Hee went to young Rosader, whose in all his thoughts reache at honour, and gaue no lower than vertue commanded, and began to tell him of this Tournament and wrastling, how the King should be there,

and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautifull damsels of the Countrey: now brother, quoth hee, for the honour of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, our renowmed father, so famous that house that never hath bin found without men approved in chiualry, shew thy resolution to bee peremptory. For my selfe, thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deeds of Armes, I am youngest to performe any martiall exploits, knowing better how to survey my lands, than to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandine hee is at Paris, poring on a few papers, having more insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike inventours: but thou Rosader the youngest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and dareft doe what honour allowes thee: take thou thy fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thee to the Tournament, & either there valiantly crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladine were but spurs to a free horse, for he had scarce uttered them ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly that he promised in what hee might to requite his courtesie. The next morrow was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroicall thoughts, that hee passed the night with little sleepe: but assoone as Phebus had hailed the curtaine of the night, and made Aurora blush, with giving her the bell in labour in his glister Coach, hee gate him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe toward the place appointed, thinking every mile seuen leagues till hee came there. But leaving him so to shrowd at the Tourney, to Torrismond the King of France, who hating by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King, that lived as an outlaw in the forrest of Arden fought both by all meanes to keepe the French lords with all sports, that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he sits appointed this solemne Tournament, wherevnto he in most sumptuous manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue Peeres of France, who carefully feare their love, graced him with the shew of their outward favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare glittering objects, he had appointed his onely daughter Alinda to bee there, and the fayre Rosalind daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull Damsels that were famous for their features in all France.

There in that place hee lists and bowre himself in a seemely

duck

such as were martial, might vse their launce to be renowned for the excellency of their chiualry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselues with gazing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euery mans eye, had his seuerall suruey, and fansie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalind, for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battell betweene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The bluth that glozed Luna when she kist the Shepheard of the hils of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermilion flourish on the siluer hue of Rosalinds countenance: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the wealthy couert for the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauour and disdain, courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, & Diana all her chastitie. The trammels of her haire folded in a caule of gold, so farre surpalt the burnisht glister of mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest starre in brightnesse: the tresses that folds in the browes of Apollo, were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haires it seemed loue had laid himselfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I need to discipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalind sate (I say) with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, & made the Caualiers crack their launces with more courage: many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen, according to their seuerall deserts: at last, when the Tournament ceased, the wrastling began, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but he looked like Hercules when hee auaunst himselfe against Achelous, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of actiuitie, till at last a lusty Franklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes, of good limaments, and comely personage: the eldest of these being obeysance to the King, entred the list, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who immediatly coupt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, rouzed himselfe with such a wonderfull fury, that not onely he gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, leapt presently vpon the place, and eagerly thirsting after reuenge, assailed the Nor-

man with such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him on his knees, which repulst the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, he kept so earnestly to the yong Franklin, that taking him vp in his armes, he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt-for slaughter the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pitie: but the Franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution, tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and saw this Tragedie: who noting the undoubted vertue of the Franklins mind, alighted off from his Steede, and presently sate downe on the greene, and commanded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this champion, being furnished as he would, he clapt the Franklin on the shoulder, and said thus: Olde yeoman whose sonnes have ended the termes of their yeares with honour, thy patient suffering of fortune with patience, and thy courteous entertaining of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while: either let me make a third in their tragedie, or else revenge their fall with an honorable triumph. The Franklin seeing so goodly a Gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hearty thankes with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader vayled bonnet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the comlinesse then the combatant, he cast his eyes upon the troupe of Ladies that glittered like the Starres of heaven: but at last, love willing to make him amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood, and fed his lookes on the face of Rosalinds face, which shee perceiving, blushed: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellency, that the bashfull red of Aurora, at the sight of unexpected Phaeton, was not paid so gloriously.

The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the locks of the Ladies, drave him out of his Memento with a thumpe by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had been awaked from some pleasant dreame, discovered to all, by the fiery of his countenance, that hee was a man of stout high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the flourishe of his beauty,

with

with a generall applause of fauours, they grieued that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his *ornamento* by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breath: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which conceaue made him stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death he might recouer the gold, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eie vpon Rosalind, who to encourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalind so fierced the passionate desires of Rosader that turning to the Norman he run vpon him and brabed him with a strong encounter: the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that there was a fore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would bee prodigall. At last Rosader calling to minde the beauty of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his mis-fortune, roused himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yeelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Franklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drew the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young yeeres and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to bee the youngest sonne of Sir Iohn of Bordeaux, the King rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with all fauourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughty deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lords graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their lookes, especially Rosalind, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancy a momentany passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

neere not to bathe in the flame, and to make Rosader know thee at leaste you: tooke from her necke a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the yong gentleman. The Prize that Venus gave to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Troian, as this Jemme was to Rosader: for if fortune had throwne to make him the sole Monarch of the world, hee would rather have refused that dignitie, than have lost the Jewell sent him by Rosalind. To requite her with the like he was vnfurnished, yet that he might more than in his lookes discouer his affection, he stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ his fancie.

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heaven there shinde,
Ten brunches from two boughes tipt all with roses,
Pure lockes more golden than is gold refinde,
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride incloses,
Two mounts faire marble white, downe soft and dainty,
A snow died orbe: where love increast by pleasure
Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:
Her faire (my woes) exceeds all thought and measure.
In lines confuse my luckelesse harme appeareth,
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet hee sent to Rosalind, which when she read, she blusht, but with a quiet content in that she perceiued loue had allotted her to be his seruant. Leauing her to her new intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of young gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladine, who was walking before the gate, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring himselfe of his death, and deuising how with discretion to procure his funerals: as he was in this thought, hee cast vp his eye, and saw, where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, and hauing won the prize, accompanied with a crue of lusty companions: grieued at this, hee stept in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such vnkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe, with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for hee did not this vpon a malicious intent to vngarnish me, but being brought vp in the country, he absented himselfe, as not hauing his

natures fit for such youthfull company. Thus he sought to forget all iniuries proffered him by his brother, but in vaine, for hee could by no meanes bee suffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open: drawing his sword, and ruffling boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were fled, but one Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had beene an old and trustie servant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: hee for the love he bare to his deceased Master, favoured the part of Rosader, and gave him, and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall empty, sayd: Gentlemen you are welcome, frolike, and bee merry, you shall bee sure to have wine enough, whatsoever your fare bee, I tell you Cavaliers, my brother hath in his house five tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I bellow to him that spareth his liquor. With that he burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer covered the Tables, and set downe whatsoever hee could find in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withall such hearty welcome, as would have made the coursest meats seeme delicates. After they had feasted, & frolicked it twise or thrise with an vpsey freze, they all tooke their leave of Rosader and departed. As soone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and swore to be revenged of the discourteous Saladine: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshippe and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, and put up all forepassed iniuries, with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly love, as did not onely reioyce the servants, but made all the Gentlemen and neighbours glad of such friendly concord, Saladine biding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunity, hee shewed himselfe a great favorer of his brothers vertuous endevours: where leaving them in this happy league, let vs returne to Rosalind.

Rosalind returning home from the triumph, after she had a while satisfied, Love presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discovert, stroke her so deepe, as she felt her selfe grow passing passionate: shee began to call to mind the comlinesse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelled both, made

made him so gracious in the eyes of every one. Sucking in thus the honey of love, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she calld to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrinke, and fancie to waxe homnet, that betweene a *Chaos* of confused thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this manner.

Rosalinds passion.

Infortunate Rosalind, whose mis-fortunes are more than thy yeeres, and whose passions are greater than thy patience. The blossomes of thy youth are nipt with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, and thou the unhappy daughter of a king detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Oh Rosalind, what cares waite upon a crown? what griefes are incident to dignitie? what sorrowes haunt royall palaces? The greatest trees bene the fayrest flames, the highest birth subject to the most hate, & of all trees the Cedars soonest shake with the wind; small currents are over calme, lake bulles not scratcht in any lightnings, nay base men tyed to any hatefull patience. Fortune dies, and if she touch poverty, it is with her heele, rather disdaining their want with a frowne, then enlarging their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalind, hadst thou been borne lowe, thou hadst not fainted so high, and not having great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou bookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates unwilling to prove me any longer happy, hate forces love to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Love, Rosalind bewrayeth it too much in distresse to thinke on love? Tush, love hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blinde and shooteth at random, alsoone pitting a ragge, as arobe, and piercing alsoone the bosome of a captive, as the brest of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalind by experience, for being every way distrest, surcharged with cares, and ever growne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, Love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man every way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lyniaments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the

rypest

report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalind, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art poore, and without patrimony, & yet the daughter of a Prince, he a younger brother, and void of such possession, as either might maintaine thy dignities, or revenge thy fathers iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Lovers cannot live by lookes: that womens eares are sooner content with a pound of give me, than a dram of heare me, that gold is sweeter than eloquence: that love is a fire, and wealth is the fuell: that Venus coffers should bee ever full. Then Rosalind, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, & account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be used in love.

Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Nath Rosalind, be not over-rash, leape not before thou looke, either love such an one as may with his lands purchase thee liberty, or else love not at all. Choose not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say:

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why Rosalind, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such servile conceits, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalind, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou lovest, love either Rosader, or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertained passions taking out her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty.

Rosalinds Madrigall.

LOue in my bosome like a Bee,
doth sucke his sweet:
Now with his wings he playes with mee,
now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender brest,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest,
Ah wanton, will yee?

And

And if I sleepe, then pearceth he
with pretie slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string.
He musicke playes, if so I sing,
He lends me every loving thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting.
Whilst wanton still yee.
Else I with Roses every day,
will whip you hence:
And bind you when you long to play,
for your offence.
Ile shut my eyes to keepe you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
Alas what hereby shall I winne,
If he gain-say me?
What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome bee,
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid so thou pitie mee:
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalind ended her Madrigall, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and many of the peeres of France, who were enamoured at her beauty: which Torismond perceiuing, fearing lest her perfection might bee the beginning of his preiudice, and the hope of his fruits end in the beginning of her blossomes, hee thought to banish her from the Court: for, quoth hee to himselfe, her face is so full of fauour, that it pleades pittie in the eye of euery man, her beauty is so heauenly and diuine, that shee will prooue to me as Helin did to Priam: some one of the Peeres will aime at her loue, and the marriage, and then in his wiues right attempt the kingdom. To preuent bad: I wist in all these actions, then tarries not about the

the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humor, with a sterne countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres that charged her, that that night she were not seene about the Court: for (quoth he) I haue heard of their aspiring practises, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalind, and presently couered with the shield of her innocencie, she boldly brake out in reuerent termes to haue cleared her selfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords plead for Rosalind, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all amaze, and Rosalind amazed, Alinda who loued her more than her selfe, with griefe in heart and teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of *Rosalind.*

IF (mighty Torismond) I offend to pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie craue pardon for my boldnesse: for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalind and I haue been softred up from our infancies, and nurled vnder the harbour of our conuersing together, with such priuate familiarities, that custome hath wrought an vnion of nature, and the simpathy of our affections such a secret loue, that we haue two bodies, and one soule. Then marbell not (great Torismond) seeing my friend distreste, I striue my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they bee such, as may challenge loue, and raze out suspition, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile, hath smothered all griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuengement only in all her actions seeking to please you & to win my fauour. Her wisedome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decipher: onely it rests for mee to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in battery of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended stratagems) to taint Rosalind with any termes of treason, let him be brought to her face, and conuince his accusation by wit-

words: which punish, let her die, and Alinda will execute the maiestie. If none can enough cry confusion vpon Iulian, let her liue in your wonted fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as a copartner of her hard fortunes, will participate in all the same part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) couered his face with such a frowne, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, checkt her vp with such taunts as made the Lords (that only were heares) to tremble. Minion girle (quoth he) hath my lokes made thee so light of tongue, or my fauours so encouraged thee to be so froward, that thou durst presume to preach after thy Father? Hath not my yeares, more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes? The old Lion anoides the toyles, where the young one leapes into the nette: the eate of age foreseeth, and preuenteth much: suspition is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemie in his bosome. Thou, fond girle, mistrustst all by perfect affection, and as thy heart loues, thy thoughts censure: but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalind, thou hatchest vp a bird to picke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldest intreat as much for her absence as thou solicitest vs for her presence. That loue hee I allowe, which is dutie to thee? fit volume vnfolde, and fall to your morals: if idlenesse make you to wanton, or libertie so malapert, I can quickly tye you to a sharper taske: and you (maid) this night be packing, either to Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide. This vigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still she preferred her plea in the defence of Rosalind, telling her Father (if his crueltie might not be reuerd) that he would appoint her partner of her exile: which if he refused, either she would by some secret meanes finde out and follow her, or else end her daies with some desperate kinde of death. Vpon Torismond hears his daughter so peremptory, perceiuet vnwilly perswaded against her, that he set before a resolution of premeditate leisure, that they should both be banished: which pestilently vext none. The tyrant rather enuying to beare the least spot of iniquity in him, than any lawyer layed in question the state of his kingdome: so suspicious is mistrustfull is the conscience of an vniust man. Whilst although he feared perchance plots to practise his daughter, yet his resolution might not be turned, but both of them

must away from the Court, without either more companie or delay: In he went with great melancholy, and left these two Ladies alone: Rosalind waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindes comfort to perplexed *Rosalind.*

WHy, how now Rosalind, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say, that high minds were discovered in fortunes contempt, and heroicall seene in the depth of extremities. Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salue for miserie was patience, and the onely medicine for want, the precious emplaister of content: being such a good Physitian to others, wilt thou not minister receits to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt say:

Consulenti non quem caput doluit,

Why then, if the Patients that are sicke of this disease, can finde in themselues neither reason to perswade, nor wit to cure, yet (Rosalind) admit of the counsell of a friend, and apply the salues that may appease thy passions. If thou grieuest that being the daughter of a Prince, that enuie thwarts thee with such hard extremity, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that Crownes haue crosses, when mirth is in cottages: they say the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with Caterpillers: the more extent the Pearle is the more apt to take a blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most honor, so it hath much enuie. If thee fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalind: for, first by thine exile thou gotst to thy father, nature is higher prized then wealth, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then all dignities: why then doth my Rosalind grieue at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with Alinda, a friend, who will be a faithfull copartner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chuseth rather to brooke all extremities, then to forsake thy presence. What Rosalind:

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Verely woman, as we haue been bedfellows in royalty, we will be fellow mates in pouertie. I will euer be thy Alinda, & thou shalt euer

euer reft to mak Rosalind, fo fhall the two ladies canonize our friendfhip, and fpeake of Rosalind and Alinda, as they do of Pylades and Oreſtes. And if euer fortune fmile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our ſelues in the ſweet of our friendſhip, we ſhall merrily ſay (calling to minde our fore-paſſed miſeries:)

Olim hæc meminiſſe iuuabit.

At this Rosalind began to comfort her, and after ſhe had wept a few howres teares in the boſome of her Alinda, ſhe gaue her hearty thankes, and then they ſate them downe to conſult how they ſhould trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing, but that they might haue no man in their company, ſaying: it would bee their greateſt preiudice, in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tuſh (quoth Rosalind) art thou a woman and haſt not a fooliſh ſhift to preuent a miſfortune? I (thou ſeeſt) am of a tall ſtature, and would very well become the perſon and apparell of a Page, thou ſhalt bee my Phillis, and I will play the man ſo properly, that (truſt me) in what company euer I come, I will not bee diſcouered: I will buy mee a ſute, and haue a Rapier very handſomely at my ſide, and if any knaue offer wrong, your Page will ſhew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda ſmiled, and vpon this they agreed and preſently gathered vp all their Iewells, which they truſſed vp in a Casket, and Rosalind in all haſte prouided her of robes, and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalind Ganimede: they trauelled along the Vineyards, and by many by-paſſes, at laſt got to the Forreſt of Ardenne, where they trauelled for the ſpace of three or foure houres without ſeeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beaſts, and pained with many paſſionate ſorrowes. Then the blacke Oxe began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie: but when ſhee caſt her eyes on her Rosalind, ſhe thought euery danger a ſtep to honour. Walking thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, couered with a grone of Cypreſſe trees, ſo cunningly and curiouſly planted, as if fome Goddeſſe had intreated Nature to frame that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine ſate Aliena and her Ganimede, and both they pulled ſuch victuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had beene in Paris with all the Kings delicates. Aliena onely grieuing that they could not ſo much as meet with a Shepheard, to diſcouer them the way to ſome place where they might

might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye, espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which assoone as hee espied, he cried out, be of good cheere Aliena, I spie the figures of men: for heere in these trees bee ingrauen certaine verses of shepheards, or some other Swaines that inhabite heerabout. With that Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and looked, where they found in the barke of a tree this passion.

Montanus passion.

HAdst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold
Makes *Taurus* hard, and mountaines silver old:
Had I complaind vnto a marble stone,
Or to the flouds bewrayd my bitter mone,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,
Whilst heaven did smile, did new array the earth,
with flowers chiefe.
Yet thou the flower of beauty blessed borne,
Hast pretie looker, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet *Mirrhas* teares,
Or by my teares to pierce repining eares:
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,
To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe,
But not my teares: but truth with thee prevailes,
And seeming sowre thy sorrowes thee assailes:
yet small reliefe.
For if thou wilt, thou art of marble hard.
And if thou please, my spite shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this posie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the cruelty of his Mistris. You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women bee, whose hearts sometime are made of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of

ware, that is fit for every forme, they delight to be courted, and then they glory to scorne coy, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdaine: and this fault is so common to that sexe, that you see it painted out in the Shepheards passions, who found his Phillis as frowarde, as hee was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest? Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you will make him leape so farre from love, that hee will anger every veine in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Alienas Page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will stand in defiance, to the uttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more, for yonder be characters graven upon the barke of a Beech tree: let us see (quoth Ganimede) and with that they read a sonne written to this effect.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves:
The day want Sunne, and Sunne want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The Aprill flowers, and leaves, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hills,
By humble plaines be overpride,
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,
And fish forsake the water glide.
And *Iris* lose her coloured weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
And love relent in deepe disdaine,
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,
And envie pittie every paine,
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First Time shall stay his staileſſe race,
And winter bleſſe his browes, with corne,
And Snow bemoiſten Iulies face,
And winter spring and summer mourne,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Ceaſe to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but see I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselues chaste, how men woe them with many fained promises, alluring with sweet words as the Syrens, and after proouing as trothlesse as Æneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phyllis, but who at last grew more false: The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were Womens sonnes, and toke their fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man as Adam did from earth, men had neuer beene troubled with inconstancie. Leaue off (quoth Aliena to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your Pages apparell and whip you as Venus doth her wantons with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade me to flatterie, and that néeds not, but come, seeing wee haue found here by this Fount, the trace of Shepheards by their Madrigals, and Roundelayes, let us forward, for either wee shall finde some folkes, the pleasanter, or else some cottage, wherein, for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose up, and marched forward till toward the euen: and then comming into a faire valley compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasant thymbs, they might descry where two flockes of sheepe did feed.

Then looking about, they might perceiue where one old Shepheard sate, and with him a young swaine, vnder a couert most pleasantly situated. The ground where they sate was dapped with Flowres riches, as they meant to bewraye Tellus in the glory of her best moode: round about in forme of an Amphitheater, were most costlie plaine Pine trees, interseamed with Limons and Citrons,

which

which with the thicknesse of their boughes, so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secrets of that Arbor, so vnited were the tops of so thicked a closure, that Venus might there in her follity, have dallied vnseene with her dereſt paramour: fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Font so christaline & cleere, that it seemed Diana with her Driades, and Hemidriades, had that spring as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbor sate these two Shepheards, seeing their sheepe feede, playing on their pypes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melody falling into such amorous chat, drawing more nigh, we might deserie the countenance of the one to bee very full of sorrow: his face to be the very portraiture of discontent, and his eyes ful of woes, that living he seemed to die: we (to see what these twa were) stole priuily behind the thick, where we ouerheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglogue betweene Montanus *and* Coridon.

Coridon.

SAy Shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore,
Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
Young are thy yeares, thy cheekes with Roses dight,
Then sing for ioy (sweet swain) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy and this climbing Pine,
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phœbus daine all Westward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmeet is melodie
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:
Shame are my ioyes by Phœbus bitter scorne,
Far hence my weale, and neere my ieopardie.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a *Phœnix* of my faithfull heart,
And though his fury doe inforce my smart,
Ah blith am I to honour his behest.

Prepard

Prepard to woes since so my Phœbe wills,
My lookes dismaid since Phœbe will disdaine:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine,
So streames my teares as showres from *Alpine* hils.

In errors maske I blindfold judgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust:
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,
I live by that which makes me living die.

Devoide of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought:
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am rest of solace and delight?

Coridon.

A lorrell Lad, what makes thee her to loue,
A sugred harme, a poison full of pleasure:
A painted shrine fulfil'd with rotten treasure,
A heaven in shew, a hell to them that proue.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed still with want,
A broken staffe which folly doth uphold:
A flower that fades with every frostie cold,
An Orient Rose sprung from a withered plant.

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of griefe:
A subtill net to snare the idle minde:
A seeming Scorpion, yet in seeming blind,
A poore reioyce, a plague without releife.

For thee *Montanus* follow mine areede,
Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy useth:
Leave foolish loue, for beauty wit abuseth,
And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seed.

Montanus.

So blames the child the flame, because it burnes,

And bird the ſnare, becauſe it doth entrap:
And fooles true loue, becauſe of ſorry hap,
And ſailers curſe the ſhip that overturnes.

But would the child forbeare to play with flame,
And birds beware to truſt the foulers gin:
And fooles foreſee before they fall and ſin,
And maſters guide their ſhips in better frame.

The child would praiſe the fire becauſe it warmes,
And birds reioyce to ſee the fowler faile:
And fooles prevent, before their plagues prevaile,
And ſailers bleſſe the barkes that ſaue from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeeres,
And crooked olde hath ſome experience left:
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereſt,
In view of loue, whoſe power in me appeares.

The Plough man little wots to turne the pen,
Or booke-man skils to guide the plough-mans cart:
Nor can the Cobler count the termes of art,
Nor baſe men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impreſſion)
Diſcourſe of that whoſe choiſe poſſeſſion,
May never to ſo baſe a man betide.

But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,
And youth moſt plaint yeelds to fancies fire)
Doe build my haven and heaven on ſweet deſire:
On ſweet deſire more deare to me than gold.

Thinke I of loue? Oh how my lines aſpire,
Haſt thou the Muſes to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chaſte and holy fire.

Then

Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne:
Amaz'd I read the ſtile when I have done,
And her I loue that ſent that heavenly rage.

Of Phebe then, of Phebe then I ſing,
Drawing the puritie of all the ſpheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,
Her honoured face, and fame to light to bring.

In fluent members, and in pleaſant vaines,
I robbe both ſea and earth of all their ſtate,
To praiſe her parts I charme both time and fate,
To bleſſe the Nymph that yeelds me loue ſicke paines.

My ſheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will,
Guides in the Labyrinth of reſtleſſe loue,
Feare lends them paſture whereſoere they move,
And by their death their life renounceth ſtill.

My ſheep-hooke is my pen, mine oaten reede
My paper where my many woes are written,
Thus ſilly ſwaine (with love and fancy bitten)
I trace the plaints of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken ſleeps, my teares,
My dreames, my doubt, for Phebe ſweet to me:
Who waiteth heaven in ſorrowes vale muſt be,
And glory ſhines where danger moſt appeares.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,
Blame me not man, ſince ſorrow is my ſweet,
So willeth loue, and Phebe thinkes it meete,
And kind *Montanne* liketh well his lot.

Coridon.

Oh ſtayleſſe youth, by errour ſo miſguided;
Where will preſcribeth, lawes to perfect wits,

Where

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folly poſſeseth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindneſſe bleard, prepard to ſhame,
Prone to neglect occaſion when ſhe ſmiles:
Alas that love by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee tract the path to endleſſe blame.

Ah, (my *Montanus*) curſed is the charme,
That hath bewitched ſo thy youthfull eyes:
Leave off in time, to like theſe vanities,
Be forward to thy good, and flee thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* daily ſhields,
As many frie as fleet on Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth doe trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many ſtarres as glorious heaven containes,
As many ſtormes as wayward winter weeps,
As many plagues as hell incloſed keepes:
So many griefes in love, ſo many paines.

Suſpicion, thoughts, deſires, opinions, prayers,
Miſlikes, miſdeeds, fond ioys, and fained peace,
Illuſions, dreames, great paines, and ſmall increaſe,
Vows, hope, acceptance, ſcornes, and deepe deſpaires.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe wait at beauties gate:
Time loſt, laments, reports, and privie grudge,
And laſt, fierce Love is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for ſervice ſhame: for friendſhip, hate.

Montanus.

All adder-like I ſtop mine eares (fond ſwaine)
So charme no more, for I will never change,
Call home thy flocke betime that ſtragling range,
For loe, the Sun declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.

In amore hæc insunt vitia: iniurgia, inimicitiæ, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri, nihilo plus agas, quam si des operam, vt cum ratione insanias.

The Shepheards thus having ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket? at whose sudden sight the Shepheards rose and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards all haile (for such we deeme you by your flocks) and louers good lucke, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eies being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a forrest vnknowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with travell, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (bee it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whomsoeuer shall be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reuerently this answer.

Faire mistris, we returne you as hearty welcome as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A Shepheard I am, and this a Louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to feede his sheepe: full of fansies and therefore say I full of follies. Erhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for loue admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you bee distrest. I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but relieue you I cannot: marry if you want lodging, if you vouchsafe to shroud your selues in a Shepheards cottage, my house for this night, shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe, and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curteous survey viewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pitying her distresse, as desirous to know the cause of her mis-fortunes, beganne to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damsell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauor as to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whither you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest? Aliena

(that was as courteous as she was faire) made this reply? Shepheard, a friendly demand ought neuer to be offensiue, and questions of curtesie carry priuiledged pardons, in their foreheads. Know therefore to discouer my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but take fire out of the cinders. Wherefore let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great, as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage, where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of sheepe, to become a Shepherdesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a country life: for I haue heard the Swaines say, that they drunke without suspicion, and slept without care. Marry mistris (quoth Coridon) if you meane so, you come in good time: for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for the Shepheards life (oh Mistris) did you but liue a while in their content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow than of solace. Here Mistris shall not fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds beggerie, so it can be no extreame preiudice: the next yeere may amend all with a fresh increase. Enuie stirres not us, we couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so we haue enough to satisfie: and Mistris, I haue so much Latine, *Satis est quod sufficit.*

By my truth Shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest me in loue with thy Country life, and therefore send for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy Farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still vnder me be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake, I and my Page will serue you, leaue the flocks to the field, & fold them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknowne, and contented. The newes so gladded the heart of Coridon, that he should neuer bee put out of his Farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did her all the reuerence he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phebe, whom he loued long, but was in hope to winne. Ganimede, who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore Shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted

his

his teares that stole downe his cheeks, and his sighs that broke from the center of his heart, pitying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue I (quoth Montanus) and ouer-loue, else shouldst not thou see me so pensiue. Loue I tell thee is as precious in a shepheards eie, as in the lookes of a King, and we country swaines entertaine fancie with as great delight, as the proudest Courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboreth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepheards then higher degrees: Then aske not if such silly swaines can loue. What is the cause then quoth Ganimede, that loue being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because (quoth Montanus) the party beloued is froward: and hauing curteste in her lookes, holdeth disdaine in her tongues end. What hath she then (quoth *Aliena*) in heart? desire I hope Pasam (quoth he) or elle my hope is lost, despaire in loue were date. As thus they chatted, the sunne being ready to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she should sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe, quoth *Aliena*, but first I will intreat Montanus to sing some amorous sonnet, that he made when hee had beene deepely passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he beganne thus,

Montanus.

Phœbe sate,
Sweet shee sate:
Sweet sate Phœbe when I saw her. Pa. 1.
White her brow,
Coy her eye:
Brow and eye how much you please me,
Words I spent,
Sighes I spent:
Sighes and words could never draw her.
Oh my love,
Thou art lost:
Since no sight could ever ease thee,

Phœbe ſate,
By a fount:
Sitting by a fount I ſpide her.
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice,
Touch and voice, what may diſtaine you?
As ſhe ſung,
I did ſigh.
And by ſighs whilſt I tride her.
Oh mine eyes,
You did looſe:
Her firſt ſight whoſe want did paine you.

Phœbes flockes,
White as Wooll?
Yet were Phœbes lookes more whiter.
Phœbes eyes
Doue-like milde:
Doue-like eies, both milde and cruell.
Montan ſweares
In your lap,
He will die for to delight her.
Phœbe yeeld,
Or I die.
Shall true hearts be fancies fuell.

Montanus had no ſooner ended this Sonnet, but Coridon with a low curteſie roſe up, and went with his fellow, and ſhut their ſheepe in the folds: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loue: he reſolving Aliena that Phœbe was the faireſt ſhepherdeſſe in all *France*, and that in his eye, her beauty was equall to the Nimphes.

But quoth he, as of all ſtones, the Diamond is the cleereſt, and yet moſt hard for the Lapidarie to cut, as of all flowers the roſe is the faireſt, and yet guarded with the ſharpeſt prickles: ſo of all our country Laſſes, Phœbe is the brighteſt, but the moſt coy of all to ſtoope vnto deſire. But let her fume and, quoth he, I haue heard of Narciſſus,

who

into his high disdaine against love, perished in the folly of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Gamimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore Shepheard, and though they had but Country fare and course lodging, yet the trouble was so great, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the Court of Torismond.

The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of heauy thoughts the last night: but as soone as they got vp, Alinda requested Phœbe to set on their cloth, and by the helpe of Coridon, Phœbe layd the boord with a fine linnen cloth and so became a Mistresse of the house and of the flocke, for leaue getting on the attire of a Shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a young Shearne, a short bay, leauing both her flocks, with such sufficiency, that she held her selfe happie that could get the like to content the minde of a Country Coridon. Leauing per chance amongst the Shepheards of Arden, Aguise to Saladine.

Whilest Saladine had a long battle continued in a threefold extremitie of thoughts, one warring in loue, fire in the flame, and Hyde in the shadow (for vnder the shadow of a mourning weede couertly, because of the extremitie, did loue seeme to harbour) another in the choyce of Rosader, which being spied, he entred with his crew, and surprised his brother when he least thought of it, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his pastime gan to rate Rosader about the cause of this hidden extremity, inforcing him to tell his griefe: about the which he had committed so heauy a penance. Saladine answered him onely with a looke of disdaine, and went his way, leauing poore Rosader in a deep perplexitie. Whilest these stormes fell out of many passions, but no meanes of resistance could be had, for euery one grew into a peremptorie resolution: in which humour he continued three weekes with his brother: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no ease, he fell into a grieuous sicknesse, and Adam Spencer, the olde Gentleman of Sir Iohn of Bordeaux facing, touched with the matter and moued with pitie to the poore Gentleman, fell a remorse in his conscience of his dishonest dealing: thus therefore all things Saladine had giuen a generall charge to his seruants, that none of them vpon paine of death should

gat a pallaxie in his hand, and flate amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, displeased, and drave his brother, and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast clear, he shut the doore, and being fore an hungred, & seeing such good victuals, he sate him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as he knew to serve herself unto, and there feasted themselves with such good cheere as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader campered up the house, left none standing his brother should raise some crue of his tenants, and surprise them unawares. But Saladine takes a contrary course, and went to the Sheriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, imagining crueltie in Saladine, in a determined resolution to remove the gentlemans to prison, tooke with him five and twenty tall men, and drew a bow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to keepe him in till he made him yeld by famine. In this determination, on gathering a crue together, he went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. Certaine of this came brought to Rosader, who hearkening at the casement to his brother, brooked all the stratagems of treason with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt upon the battlements of the house, he espied where Saladine and he drew nere, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he mused, and called Adam Spencer, and shewed him the envious treachery of his brother, and the follie of the Sheriffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shall I doe? Accuse me, either to yeeld up the house to my brother, and take a reconcilement or else issue out, and bravely by force, the encamping with courage: for expect in like a coward, I will not: no (quoth Adam) I disparage my selfe, if that, to withstand them nearly, by by such open disgraces the name of such gentlemen: if I stand out against them, fortune may favour me, and then I may escape with life: but happen the worst, if I be slain, then my death shall be honorable to me. Then shall a resolute Adam Spencer, with these (matter) followers, and stout and lusty yeomen of them, they be but mean pointed hose to Adam Spencer if he dig not at your heele, by be's a bastard. These comfortable words in the heart of young Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them all, and therewith prepared to encounter his brother, Adam Spencer, and were ready to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gate, but Rosader unlocks the barre, and out

Adam Spencers Speech.

Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a sickly friend that lies herein town almost ful sonne, aged, and therefore lette mee take the opportunity of his absence, that my selfe, a stranger of meerer use to him, before I make known vnto him my fortune: therefore will I run and visit him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away goes Rosader to Adam Spencer, & tells him the matter, who was glad to heare of his fortune: but so sickly he was that he could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vpon his backe, and brought him to the gate: where Gerismond and his men met him, & receiued him with such courtesie, as Rosader seeing Gerismond so princely, but for mirth, Adam Spencer, quoth he, these hungry squires fell to their victuals, & left me nothing: I pray God they may not be troubled with the stone. Gerismond hearing Rosader so merrie, asked him what he ment by those words: Rosader answered, that he had brought home his father Sir John of Bourdeaux sonne, who had learned him, and taught him the feates of Armes, & hearing his name to be Gerismond, he had a great desire to see him. Gerismond welcomed him for his father Sir John of Bourdeaux sake, and for his owne sake, and for his valiant minde, and so brought him in, and set him at the table, where Rosader fed hartily, as one that had fasted long. Gerismond noting his courtly behauiour, his comely personage, and his princely countenance, thought he could not be lesse than the sonne of some great Lord, and therefore cast how he might by some deuice learne what he was. Rosader hauing ended his repast, Gerismond began to question with him of his parentage, and what was the cause of his trauell into that Country. Rosader with a blushing countenance, and a modest grace, began to discourse vnto him the whole matter, how he was the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, and how his father at his death had bequeathed him, and his brother Saladine vnto his friend Torismond, and how Saladine hauing got the possession of his fathers liuing, sought to worke his confusion by Torismond, what entertainment he had found at his father Sir John of Bourdeaux hands, and how he had taken his leaue of him, and of his brother Saladine, and how he had trauelled into that Country, to see if he could finde out Gerismond, whose vertues he had heard so highly commended, and lastly how he had found him, and by what meanes. Gerismond hearing this discourse of Rosader, and noting by euery circumstance, that he was a man of high birth, and of great parentage, he greatly lamented his misfortune, that draue him to liue in such base estate, and therefore thought to salue all sores with a princely reward, and to make him as famous for liberality, as he was infamous for his former life. Rosader hearing Gerismond so bountifully to offer, and so courteously to promise, he began to enter into a further discourse of his fortune, and how he had found his brother Saladine with Torismond, and how he had wrought his confusion, and how he had stolne away his mistresse, and how he had fought with him, and ouercome him in single combat, and how he had left him for dead in the field, and how he had taken his iourney towards the Forrest of Arden, to see if he could finde out Gerismond, whose fame had sounded in his eares, and whose vertues were imprinted in his heart. Gerismond hearing Rosader so resolute in his determination, and so forward in his affection, he thought to make him as great in his fauour, as he was before in his fortune, and therefore began to question with him of his brother Saladine, and how he had vsed him, and how he had left him. Rosader with a sad countenance, and a sorrowful sigh, began to discourse vnto him, how his brother Saladine, after the death of his father Sir John of Bourdeaux, had sought to worke his confusion by Torismond, what entertainment he had found at his father Sir John of Bourdeaux hands, and how he had taken a fatall farewell of his father Sir John of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfully a while he liued and how honourably he died recommending his wife and children vnto his friend Torismond, to whose trust he had committed them, and lastly how he had left his brother Saladine in the Court of Torismond, how he had stolne away his mistresse, and how he had fought with him, and ouercome him in single combat, and how he had left him for dead in the field, and how he had taken his iourney towards the Forrest of Arden, to see if he could finde out Gerismond, whose fame had sounded in his eares, and whose vertues were imprinted in his heart. 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louing, and Brothers that are sonnes of one Father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladine, soft should hee: but thou hast with the Deare fedde against the wind, with the Crab-stroue against the streame, and sought to preuent nature by vnkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wronges of Rosader (Saladine) cryes for reuenge, his youth pleades to GOD to inflict some pennance vpon thee, his vertues are pleaes that inforce writs of displeasure to crosse thee: Thou hast highly abused thy kind and naturall brother, and the Heauens cannot spare to quit thee of punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a mind touched with guilt. Euery wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a droppe of blood from my heart: euery badde looke, euery frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and sayes, Saladine, thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and alligne thy selfe some pennance to discouer thy sorrow and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death, entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was: Saladine made answere, that vpon some riot made against the Shreiffe of the shire, hee was fledde from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth he) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy Brother, since the death of thy Father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Thessalian. Therefore in iustice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court and Country of France, and see thy departure bee within ten dayes, else trust me thou shalt lose thy head, and with that the King flong away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and pennance of his former follies, to trauaile abroad in euery Coast, till he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I doe begin.

Rosader being thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, raced out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnesse by continuall exercise, trauerling the greaues and wild forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the sweet birds which recoyred, and partly to shew his diligent endeauour in his Masters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer hee did, or howsoeuer he walked, the liuely image of Rosalind remained in memorie: on her sweet perfections hee fed his thoughts, proouing himselfe like the eagle, a true borne bird, since that the one is

fortune by beholding the sunne, to warn her by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie and place conuenient, desirous to discouer his woes in the woods, he ingraued with his knife in the barke of a Bay tree, this poetie estimate of his mistris perfection.

Sonetto.

Of all chaste birds, the Phœnix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts, the Lion beares the bell:
Of all sweet flowers, the Rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maides, my *Rosalind* is fairest.

Of all pure metals, Gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees, the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets, I like my Mistris best,
Of all chaste thoughts, my mistris thoughts are truest.

Of all proud birds, the Eagle pleaseth *Ioue*,
Of prettie fowles, kind *Venus* likes the Doue:
Of trees, *Minerua* doth the Oliue loue,
Of all sweete Nymphs I honour *Rosalinde*.

Of all her gifts, her wisdome pleaseth most,
Of all her graces, vertue she doth boast:
For all the gifts, my life and ioy is lost,
If *Rosalind* prone cruell and vnkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did euery day eternize the name of his Rosalind, and this day especially, when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heate of the sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholie passions: they saw the sodaine change of his lookes, his folded armes, his passionate sighs: they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalind, who (poore soule) was as hotly turned as himselfe, but that she thought her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon getting him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pittifull in that behalfe, they suddainly breake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede thus put him out of his dumps, thus.

What my loues Forrester? hast thou wounded some Deare, and lost him,

him in the face? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skin, the shoulder, and the horne: his hunters luck to aime faire and nothing, and a woodmans fortune to strike, and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighs discouer more losse: perhaps in trauersing those thickets, hee hath seene some beautifull Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for heere he hath newly engraven some Sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalind, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet thinking to shrowde all under his Pages apparell, thee boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me, Forrester, what is this Rosalind, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some Nymph that waits upon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast disciphered in such Epithites? Or is she some Shepherdesse that haunts these plaines, whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shrowdest in Court under the figure of Rosalind, as Ovid did Iulia, vnder the name of Corinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalind, of whom the Shepheards haue heard talk, the (Forrester) that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh, and said it is she, O gentle Swaine, it is shee, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse, at whose shrine I doe bend all my deuotions, the most fairest of all faires, the Phœnix of all that sexe, and the pearle of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if she be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily thee resembleth the Rose, that is sweet, but full of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is deadly: So thy Rosalind may be most amiable, and yet vnkind, full of fauour, and yet frowarde: coy without loue, and disdainfull without reason.

O sheapheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, hearing a harbor wherein the Graces shewed their vertues, then wouldst not breath out such blasphemie against the beautious Rosalind, shee is a diamond, bright,

but not heard, yet of most chast operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles, and a Princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sunne, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamoured my selfe of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainfull, but farre more chast then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a cloude. Ah shepherd, I haue reacht at a starre, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts aboue my fortunes: I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princesse, whose honours are to high to vouchsafe such base loues.

Why Forester (quoth Ganimede) comfort thy selfe, be blith and frolicke man. Loue soweth as lowe as she soareth high, and Cupid shoots at a rag aswell as at a rose, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled fauour on pale-faced Vulcan. Feare not man, women looke not so much to dignities feather, nor make they curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forester, faint heart never wonne faire Loue. But where lines Rosalind now, at the Court?

Oh no, quoth Rosader, she lines I know not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but view her sacred personage, and plead before the barre of her pitie, the plaint of my passions, hope tells me she would grace me with some fauour, and that would suffice, as recompence of all my former vnsaries. Hath haue I heard of thy Phebes excellence, and I know thou Forester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hath surueyed all her parts with a curious eye, then doe that fauour to tell me what her perfections be. That I will, quoth Rosader, for I glory to make all eares wonder at my Phebes excellence. And with that he pulls a paper forth of his bosome, wherein he read this.

Rosalinds description.

Like to the cleare in highest sphere,
Where all imperiall glory shines,
Of selfe same colours is her haire,
Whether vnfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*.
Her eyes are Saphires set in snow.

Resembling

Refembling heauen by euery winke:
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke,
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,
That beautifies *Aurora's* face,
Or like the ſiluer crimion ſhroude,
That *Phabus* ſmiling lookes doth grace:
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind*.
Her eyes are like to budded Roſes,
Whom ranks of Lillies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds ſhe Balme incloſes,
Apt to entice a Deitie:
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Her neck is like a ſtately Towre,
Where loue himſelfe impriſoned lies,
To watch for glances every houre,
From her diuine and ſacred eies,
Heigh ho, for *Roſalind*.
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breaſts are globes of heauenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dewe of light,
To feede perfection with the ſame.
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

With orient Pearle, with Rubie red,
With Marble, white, with Saphire blew,
Her body euery way is ſed,
Yet ſoft in touch, and ſweet in view:
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind*.
Nature her ſelfe her ſhape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her ſight,
And loue forſakes his heauenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Then muſe not Nymphs though I bemoane,

The absence of faire *Rosalind*,
Since for a faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so diuine,
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*,
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.
Perij quia deperibat.

Beleeue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalind faire aboue measure: it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so imperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly gentle Page thou hast cause to complaine thee, insert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for if it is excellency enough to be like the excellence of nature. To this answere vpon Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) it is enough for Pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, and not to be beautifull themselues. Oh sisters (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partiall: take heedeth not but that all women haue before the soueraignty in their patterns, and ascribe beauty to themselues, where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would proue as comely: if not as comely as courteous. But tell me Forrester, (and with that she turned to Rosader) vnder whom maintainest thou the outlaw Gentle Sloane, vnder the King of Orleance, said he, the vnfortunate Gerismond, who hauing lost his kingdome, exchaungeth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to gouerne among poore mountaines peasants, then great men in danger: Well hast thou met, said she, (hauing so melancholy vpon fantasies as the Forrester affirmed) thou) written many Sonnets in commendations of thy mistris? I haue gentle Lady, quoth he, but they be not about me, for my rimes by nature of the day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will hang them vpon trees, that you shall reade my passions, while I feede them, sauing my patterne when you reade it: till when, I bid you farewell. So giuing both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he retyred to his lodge, leauing them to their pittie pattie. Why Ganimede (said Aliena the Forrester being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make Ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, talke all of your beauty: surely it grieues me not a little to see the poore man so perplexe, and you so pittieles.

Oh Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptorie in your iudgement. I

peare Rosalind praiseth as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalind I could answere the Forester, if he mourne for loue, there are many times for loue: Rosalind cannot bee faire and vnkind. And so (Madame you see it is time to fold our flockes, or else Coridon will frowne and say you will neuer proue good huswife. With that they put their sheepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage. Aliena as merry as might be, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalind: but thee poore soule, that had lone her louestarre, and yet thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate penance poore Rosader was enioyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last she fell into this humor with her selfe.

Rosalind passionate alone.

AH Rosalind, how the fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thee vnhappie: for when fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seekes to lodge her selfe in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond girle, he is an vnruely guest to harbor: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force. and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Dost thou not note Venus seekes to wray thee in her Labyrinth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, care, and discontent? she is a Syren, stoppe thine eares at her melodie: she is a Basiliske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her, least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lands where thy flockes feede, Diana haunts: be as her Nymphs, chaste, an enemie to loue: for there is no greater honor to a Mayd, then to account of fancie as a mortall foe to their fame. Daphne that bonnie Nimph was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets faine, but for her chastitie, her fame was immortall, resembling the Laurell that is euer greene, Follow thou her steppes Rosalind and the rather for that thou art an exile, and banished from the Court, whose discontents, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be reuenged with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least leauing in haste, thou repent thee at leysure. Ah, but yet Rosalind, it is Rosader that sounds thee, one, who as he is beautifull, so he is vertu-

ous

cate, and harboureth in his mind as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours, and therefore Rosalind stoope to loue, least, being either too coy, or too cruell, Venus ware wroth, and plague them with the reuenge of disdaine.

Rosalind thus passionate, was awakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Waine was risen in the North. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest. All but the poore Rosalind, who was so full of passions that she could not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was awakened by Ganimede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to go to the field to vnfold their flocke. Aliena (that spied where the Hare sate by the Hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, and as yet Iris rich lies folded in the bosom of Flora, Phœbus hath not dried vp the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to leaue the shade abroade, least the dew bring vnwholsome, they say the rot: but notwithstanding this old prouerbe be true, he is in hast whom the wolfe pursues, and where love pricks forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my gentle Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thine heart? What hast thou learnt loue in thy lookes? and set all thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quenched as that of Ænus. But nature must haue her course, women eyes haue faculties attractiue of faire heat, and retentiue like the Diamond: they dally in the delight like the obiects, till gazing on the Panthers beautifull skin, repenting experience tell them he hath a deuouring pouch. Come on (qd. Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtilitie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning cold, or else I being gone, you would keepe a nappe: this shift carries no colour, and therefore vp and away. And by loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set Disdaine as a charme to keepe him from my faces, and therefore looke you to your selfe, bee not too bold, for Venus can make you bend; not too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you cry *Peccaui*, and that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath caused you so early this

this morning. And with that she tipt on her petticoate, and start vp, and allone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Torismond. They came on faster vnto the fields, but they might ill where their discontented Forester was walking in his melancholy. Allome as Alinda saw him, she smiled, and said to Ganimede, wipe your eyes sweeting, for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deepe prayers (no doubt) to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull, as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee let's haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, she began thus.

Forester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions: what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation (no doubt) of your Rosalind? Take heede Forester, flep not too farre, the Fox may be neere, and purlip ouer the shoes: I tell thee, Flies haue their spleen, the Ants chafe, the least haire shadow, and the smallest bones great aches. It is good, Forester, to loue, but not to ouer-loue, least in louing her that likes thee not, thou lose thy selfe in an endlesse Labyrinth. Rosader seeing the faire Shepheardesse, and her pretty Cousine, in whose company he left the greatest ease of his care, he returned a salute in this manner.

Gentle Shepheards, all faire, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happy in content. Loue is restlesse, and my body is but the cell of my hart, in that I finde there hotte thoughts, and broken slumbers, heere (although euery where passionate) I broke loue with more patience, in that euery obiect feeds mine eye with variety of fancies: when I behold Floras beauteous Mapillarie, checkered with the prime of all her treasures, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalind, whose heauenly hue exceeds the Rose and Lillie in their highest excellence: the bright nelle of Phebus shine, puts me in mind to thinke on the sparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart fire on fire. The sweet harmonie of the birds puts mee in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Siren enchanteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I fold my sorrowes, with entering the perfection of euery obiect to the excellence of her qualities.

Shee is much beholding vnto you (quoth Alinda) and so much, that

I beare off better with my selfe, that if I should ever proue as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as fairefull a Paris as your selfe.

Now say you by this Item, Forester, (quoth Ganimede) the faire Shepherdesse fauoures you, who is spotted of so many flockes. Leaue off many the infusion of Rosalinds loue, when as vnacquainted at her, you rowe beyond the Cleane: ants cast your loues vpon my Rosaline, who no doubt is as faire, though not so rownd, and hard in the hand, as worth two in the bush: better possesse the loue of Alinda, then catch trinkomalia at the shadow of Rosaline.

He tell thee boy (quoth Rosader) sir is my soule fixed on my Rosalind, that were thy Phillis as faire as Leda, or Danae, whom Ioue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes should not deeme to entertaine their beauties: and sir hath loue locked me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellencest another. Venus is to blame, Forester, if hauing so true a seruant of you, she reuenueth you not with Rosaline, if Rosaline were more faire then her selfe.

Leauing this prattle, quoth he put you in minde of your promise, about those Sonnets which you said were at home in your Lodge. I pray them about me (quoth Rosader) let me be the Iudge, and then you shall heare what a peeuish Parte Loue hath made vnto a sonnet: with that they sate downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig-trees, and Rosader fetching a deepe sigh, read these Sonnets.

Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They make them watch, and bend themselues to weepe,
But weeping teares their Wars could not suffice.
Yet sith for her they weepe, who guides my heart
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where *Venus* baynes her selfe inceast with loue,
Where *Cupid* bowseth his faire fealhered wings.
But I behold what paine I must approue.
Care drinkes it drie, but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Mine

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
By them the winde increase and fiercely blow:
Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appeares,
And by their force, with greater power doth glew,
Amids these paines, all Phenix-like I thrive,
Sith loue that yeelds me death, may life reviue.

Rosader in esperance.

Now surely Forrester, quoth Alinda, when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither so fearefull, as despairing of thy mistris fauours, nor so gleesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonnettoes, Canzones, Madrigals, roundes, and roundelayes, that euery puling patient poures out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish, so these Ovidians holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse Labranth of sorrow, when walking in the large leaues of libertie, they only haue their humours in their owne pot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorged with pleasures: and then flie they away (like ramage kites) to their owne content, leauing the same sicke their mistris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselues, but spies their subtiltie) they end their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their mistris is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such (gentle Forrester) we may deeme you to bee, that rather passe away the time heere in these woods with writing amorets, then to bee deepely enamored (as you say) of your Rosalind. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the highest and your desires to bee most excellent: then that you may with Ixion, embrace Iuno in a cloud, and haue nothing but a marble mistresse to release your smarty paine: but if you bee true and trustie, eie-pain'd and heart sicke, then accursed bee Rosalind if she proue cruell: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as she. Alinda tipping the stonne by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede fell to thy fit without any call: but Rosader, who

take him for a shepheards swaine, made him this answere.

Trust me Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in so much humor, for mine eyes and my heart are relatiues, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalind, with what beauties nature hath honoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her: then wouldest thou say there is none so fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If shee had beene Æneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both stolen him from Carthage, yet her excellence (to forget all them) would haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had beene as beautifull, or Ariadne as bewtious, or both so amiable and excellent as shee: neither had the philbert-tree sorrowed in the heart of forsaking Phillis, nor the Gods haue beene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had beene traitors to their Patragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a diamond thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues: and sift what deepe impressions of her Idea, affection hath made in my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse armed with admirable patience. Why (quoth Alinda) makes there patience in loue? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a needlesse sore, that hath no salue, a sickenesse that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of health. When is many sorrowes, sundaine loues, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes be found in loue; then not to be accounted patient, that smothers all his passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede:) and therefore we hold all thy words for Axiomes: but is loue such a lingring malatie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the party that entertaines it: for as the Bees gaze longer vpon the pretie flower, and the bird lyes safe in the quarrie, when the Emerald is fluttering the Leopardes fade; so meane men are freed from Venus tyranies, when Kings are intangled with a labyrinth of cares. The whyte the Lamne is, the deeper is the staine: the more pure the Chrislolite, the sooner stained: and such as haue their hearts full of ioyes, haue their loues full of the greatest sorrow. But in whomsoeuer (quoth Rosader) he findes bewtie, her neuer leaueth to assault him, till either shee hath won him to folly or fancie: for as the thorne never goes without the flowre,

Lunisfrons

Lunisequa, to whom Loue neuer goeth without the vnrest of his thoughts. For proofe you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now doe gentle Forrester (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read his Sonetto.

Rosaders second Sonetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the skies,
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eies:
If so I looke vpon the ground,
Loue then in every flowre is found:
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meets me in the shades againe:
Went I to walke in secret grove
Euen there I meete with sacred Loue?
If so I bath me in the sacred spring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone:
If so I mourne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When as I talke of *Rosalind*,
The God from cayneste waxeth kind:
And seemes in selfe same flame to frie,
Because he loues as well as I:
Sweete *Rosalind* for pittie rue,
For why, than Loue, I am more true:
He if he speede will quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Mary quoth Ganimede, for the pen, well, for the Passion ill: for as I praise the one, I pittie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a Cloude, and loue either without reward, or regard. This not frowardnesse (quoth Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose destinies haue croste me with her absence: for did she feele my loues, she would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women as they be faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honorable) the will than the wealth, hauing copolitie that obiect wherein they aime their fancies. But leauing off these enterpartyes you shall heare my last Sonetto, and then you

haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he sighed out this.

Rosaders third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaint:
For perfect faire is she, the only one,
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.
Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* throud his *Laura* prayse,
And *Tasso* cease to publish his affect:
Sith mine the faith confirm'd at all assaies.
And hers the faire, which all men doe respect,
My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures.
Thus I by Loue, and Ione by me endures.

Thus, quoth Rosader, haue is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him, that in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answere him. Ganimede pitying her Rosader, thinking to driue him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the Sunne was in the meridionall heate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we shepheards say, tis time to goe to dinner, for the Sunne and our stomachs are shepheards Dials. Therefore Forrester, if thou will take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. Alinda table the entertainment by the eye, and told Rosader hee should bee her guest. Hee thanks them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state would allow them, fainted with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweete then all their Courtly tunkets.

Supper done as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing them thankes for his good cheere, would haue beene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay Forrester, quoth hee, if thy businesse be not the greater, seeing thou sayst thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst woo, I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. So

in

in some amorous Eglogue how if Rosalind were present, how then couldst court her, and while we sing of loue, Alinda shall tune her Pipe and play vs melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Alinda, she to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a Recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

The wooing Eglogue betweene *Rosalind*, and *Rosader*.

Rosader.

I pray thee Nymph, by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that Louers know,
Or what our thoughts, or faltering tongue affords,
I crave for mine in ripping vp my woe,
Sweet *Rosalind* my loue (would God my loue)
My life, (would God my life) ay pittie me,
Thy lips are kind and humble like a Doue,
And, but with beautie pittie will not be,
Looke on mine eyes madered with ruthfull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:
All pale in lookes, and I, though young in yeares,
And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth.
O let no stormie rigour knit thy browes,
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate,
The tallest tree by *Boreas* breath it bowes,
The Iron yeelds with hammer and with heate,
Oh *Rosalind*, then be thou pitifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

Rosalinde.

Loue warrons arme their traitrous suits with teares,
With vowes, and oathes, with lookes, with showers of gold,
But when the fruits of their affects appeares,
The simple heare by subtile slights is sold.
Thus sucles the yeelding eare the poisned baite,
Thus feeds the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,
Thus glue the thoughts themselues on selfe-deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by sutile charmes.

The

The lovely lookes, the sighes that flocke so fore,
The deaw of deepe dissembling doublenesse:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beauty leanes to wit and stoothfastnesse,
Oh *Rosader*, then be thou witifull,
For *Rosalind* scornes foolish pittifull.

Rosader.

I pray thee *Rosalind* by those sweet eyes,
That staine the Sun in shine, the Moone in cleare,
By those sweet cheekes where love encamped lies,
The kisse the Roses of the springing yeare,
I tempt thee *Rosalind* by truthfull plaints:
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,
But fame in paine, farre more then tongue depaints:
Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile,
So may the heavens preserve from hurtfull food
Thy harmelesse flocks, so may the summer yeeld,
The pride of all her riches and her good:
To fat thy sheepe (the Citizens of field)
Oh learne to smile thy lowly browes with scornes,
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:
And lovers nought but sighs and bitter mournes,
The spotlesse fort of finest tenaile.
Oh *Rosalind*, then be thou pitifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

Rosalind.

The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame,
Rosader. And *Rosalind*, my love, nor any woll more softer,
And shall not sighs her tender heart inflame?
Rosalind. When love is true, maids would beleeve them ofter.
Rosader. Truth and regard, and honour guide my love.
Rosalind. Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.
Rosader. Oh pitie me, sweet Nymph, and doe but prove.
Rosalind. I will resist, but yet I know not why:
Rosader. Oh *Rosalind* be kind, for times will change,
Thy lookes eye still be faire as now thy be:
Thine age from beautie may thy love estrange,
Ah yeeld in time, sweet Nymph, and pitie me.

Rosalind

Rosalind. Oh *Rosalind*, thou must be pittifull,
For *Rosader* is young and beautifull.
Rosader. O paine, more great then kingdomes or a crowne
Rosalind. O trust, betraide of *Rosader* abuse me I.
Rosader. First let the heavens conspire to pull me downe,
And heaven and earth as abiects quite refuse me:
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bowre:
And wretchlesse horror hatch within my brest:
Let beauteous eyes afflict me with a lowre:
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest,
Ere *Rosalind* my loyaltie disprove,
Ere *Rosalind* accuse me for vnkind.
Rosalind. Then *Rosalind* will grace thee with her love,
Then *Rosalind* will have thee still in minde.
Rosader. Then let me haue in more then *Tyrians* deare,
Sith *Rosalind* will *Rosader* respect,
Then let my face exile his sorry cheare,
And frolicke in the comfort of effect.
And say that *Rosalind* is onely pittifull,
Sith *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

When these they had finished their amorous Epilogue in such familiar chatte, Ganimede as iudges of loues good fortunes light vpon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now Forrester, haue I not set you your turne? Speake I not plain the common homelye, and shewe my skill as one in presence, as carefull, as pittifull, and bin as full of suspition as men of fashion? How say you Rosalinde, haue I not all as iustly the smacke known of loue? Did not Rosalind content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth (gentle Swaine) Rosader with his Rosalind, but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to imbrace a Goddesse, onely embraced a cloude: in these imaginatiue fantasies of louers, I resemble the hynde that fed themselues with Tyrrus painted grasse, but they grew to leane with pyning at the shadowes, that they were glad with Apelles Coche to forsake the shadowe, and catch at truth with me, who

false in thy sutes, and daily incontcit reapes wished for content: but if my loue be so better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeeres end, shall make me but a leane Louer. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe diuine sound greatnes ere of ensuing ioyntes. And thereupon, quoth Alinda, Ile play the Priest: from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so weele haue a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose; and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this louing match, that after proued to a marriage in earnest: Rosader had little knowing he had wood and won his Rosalind.

But all was well, loue is a sweet thing to harpe on, and therefore let the Forrester a while change humble to his shadow, and tarry fortunes leysure, till time may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to Alcon, who said, the wedding was not worth a pennie, vnlesse there were some cheare, for that bargaine well made, that was not finished with a cup of wine; and therefore the wilie Ganimede wrote but such orders as they had and to draw out her battle, charging the Forrester to be prouident in his lookes, to inuent these cates to be a most sumptuous banket, and to take a maner of wine, [illegible] Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant deuises, till at last Alinda perceiuing [illegible] and that the euening waxed [illegible] which done, they all [illegible] hath been partaker of [illegible] in his louers, than he in his fancie, [illegible] Rosaline, when hee [illegible] and though [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] and

and so till to morrow, you to your folde, and I will to my Lodge: and thus the Forester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and followed their flockes, and taking up their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the way, Aliena (to make the time seeme shorte) began to prattle with Ganimede thus: I have heard them say, that what the Fates foresee, that Fortune pricketh downe with a perce, that the starres are sticklers in Venus Court, and destinie hangs at the heele of Pleasure: if it be so, then by all probable conjectures, this match will bee a marriage: for, if Augustine be authenticall, or the Diuines diuines principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods frame the conceit of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the enlining content of your affections: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to dance at your wedding. Truth (quoth Ganimede) all is not mault that is cast on the kill, there goes more woords to a bargaine than one. Ioue forbid no fasting in the ayre, and fansie holds it a slipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse his marke: but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Pillris Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth she) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours. for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet: your eye that euer loketh at Ioue, will not lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they will prone more browne, and you more blithe, for the eyes of the Maker feedes the Tattell. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon, where hee came plodding to meet them: who told them supper was ready, which newes made them speede them home, where we will leaue them till the next morrow, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux and the Court of France by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lions, and so to trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the Forrest being full of by-paths, and hee vnskilfull of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Desart not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and brother Rosader. Saladine weary with wandring vp and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little Caue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruits as the Forrest did afford, and con-

hunting himselfe with such wiles as Nature had provided, and spirit more wilie, after his repast, fell into a dead sleepe. As he thus lay, a hungry Lyon came hunting where the edge of the grove lay prey, espying Saladine, began to seize upon him, but seeing hee lay still without any motion, hee left to touch him, for that Lyons hate to prey on dead carkasses, and yet desirous to have some food, the Lion lay waiting with greedy eie to see if his looke flew, while that Saladine slept, fortune that euer crosseth all her Champions, began to smile, and brought it to passe, that Rosader (hunting further in the grove) and but lightly past, had through the thicke (with casting darts) wounded the Lyon with a Boare-speare in his necke, a great pace, yet ouer-taken a good way after, and a Lion laid by him raunging at this sight as he thought prey, his mind on a sodaine bent, which made him remember if euer he had friends of his, till perceiuing those nie, hee might easily discerne his visage, and perceiuing by his personage that it was his brother Saladine, which grieued Rosader with a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnexpected a chance, marualling what should driue his brother to trauell those fierce vnkind bottomes any companie, in such a distressed and forlorne sort. But the present time craued no such troubled exchanges, for he must either resolue to forgoe his life in his returne to the Beast sleepe, and become pray to the cruelty of the Lion, or else present be thus hunting about to [illegible]

Rosaders meditation.

NOw Rosader, Fortune that long hast tolde this knight fortunes to take vpon with Kniues, and hauing tryde him in thy many frownes, turne this quarrell now with the beginning of good fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all knights, mayest account thy selfe the most fortunate knight aliue, if thy brother can make vnto thee, or louest reuenge to requite in a place conuenient. Behold Saladine, thine enemie, the author of thy misfortunes, and the cruell cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a deuouring Lion, that for want of foode is ready to deuoure him, that they might seem full in reuenging his wrongs, and plead iniurious speech vnto his eares: see in a conuenient aspect, the Planets in some pleasing combination, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the Destinies partakers of thy desires, in that Saladine

lyes

ladine shall die, and thou be free of his bloud: he receiues mee to his mercie, and thou erect this Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne vnto Bourdeaux, and inioy thy possessions by birth, and his reuenues by inheritance: now maist thou triumph with loue, and hang fortunes Altars with garlands: For when Rosalind heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Chrisecol, that is soone imparted, soonest tempered with gold: and Iupiter sonest entoyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shewre. Thus shall this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his Boare-speare vpon his necke, away beganne to trudge. But he had not stept backe two or three paces but a new motion stroke him to the very heart, that resting his Boare-speare against his breast, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest Knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne, and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage in forgetting that nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe, breathe out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balsamum, that saueth the most dangerous sores: Did he make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe careleste? Ah Rosader, what though Saladine hath wronged thee, and made thee king an exile in the forrest, shall thy nature bee so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so lasuage, as to suffer so dismall a reuenge? what, to let him be deuoured with Wilbe beasts? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit*, is kindly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader, to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him, thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou getteth a friend, and reconcilest an enemie: and more honour shalt thou purchase by sauing a liue, than reuenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rouze himselfe: whereupon Rosader hardainely charged him with the Boare-speare, and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, rapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a sore pinch on the breast, that hee had almost

notwithstanding, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained, hee recovered himselfe, and in short combate slue the Lion, who at his death roared so lowde, that Saladine awaked: and starting up, was amazed at the straine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so fierce a Gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceit) began to conjecture that the Gentleman had slaine him in his slumber. Whereupon (as a man in a trance) hee stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes. Sir whatsoeuer you be, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour,) I perceiue thou hast rescued my fortunes by thy courage, and saued my life with thine owne losse: which tyes mee to be thine in all humble seruice. Thankes thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue, for my abilities denies mee to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to command me, trie me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman will stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was vnknowne to his brother, wondred to heare such curteous words come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nature, hee made this answere. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a forrester, and a ranger of these woodes, who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some attending Fate, that I might saue thee, and imbarque my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee asleepe, and the Lion warring that awake, that at thy rising hee might prey vpon thy carkasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a Gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of mine owne blood, which I haue performed (thou seest) in more owne preiudice. Therefore thou bee a man of such worth as I value thee, by the exteriour lineaments make discouery vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortune: for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with hir frownes: but whatsoeuer, or howsoeuer, let mee crave that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladine sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

Saladines discourse to *Rosader* vnknowne.

Alpoze

ALthough the discourse of my fortunes, be the renuing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound, yet I may not prove ingratefull to so curteous a Gentleman, I will rather let downe and sighe out mine estate, than giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therefore (Sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a man, for his vertues, and valour, so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honors hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, hauing two brethren committed by my father at his death, to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherlie concord, as might haue pierst like the Syrens melodie into my humane eare.

But I with Vlisses became deafe against his philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit, than of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle Brother to the Vniuersitie to bee a Scholler, counting it enough if he might prove an Asse, while I fade on his reuenues: and for the youngest, which was my Fathers boy, young Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine sate him downe and wept. Nay, forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the vnfittest faine that men can apply to cure sorrowes, and therefore ceasse from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans lookes to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings teares from mine eye, and blood from my heart, was like my Father in exterior personage, and in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yeares hee aymed all his actions honor, and coueted rather to die, than to brooke any thing vnworthy of a gentlemans credite. I, whom enuy had made blind, and ouertoumes masked with the belle of selfeloue, seeing the Palme-tree grow straight, thought to suppresse it being a young, but nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glittering, and vertue will shine though it bee neuer so much obscured. For I kept Rosader, as a slaue, and vsed him as one of my seruile pesants, vntill age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that hee could

not

not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himselfe. To be short, Sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he counterchecked me not with abilitie, but valour; vntill at last by friendes, and ayde of such as followed gold more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and he (poore Gentleman) liues (no man knowes where) in some distresse, content. The gods not able to suffer such impietie vnreuenged, so wrought, that the King picht a causelesse quarrell against me, in hope to haue my Lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer.

Thus, thus Sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and as touching my estate to be thrown from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime-like to seeke my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, and afterward send to the holy Land, to end my yeeres in as many vertues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladine began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparks of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these louing speeches. Then know Saladine (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy miserie.

Saladine calling vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him to bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was come to reconfort him. Which hee did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held reuenge in scorne. Much adoe there was betweene these two Brethren, Saladine in craning pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and forgetting all former iniuries: the one humble and submisse, the other milde and courteous: Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kind and louing, that at length Nature wrought an vnion of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnesse, to talke of their country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother began to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how all had passed betweene them: The King

looking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of insuing honours, gaue him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilement, promising such fauour as the pouerty of his estate might afford, which Saladine gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life. Whereupon Saladine briefly discourst vnto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestie (although hee had reuenged him, that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the young Gentleman.

Many questions passed: but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, his daughter Rosalind. None Sir, quoth Saladine, for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Iniurious fortune, said the King, that to double the fathers miserie, wrongest the daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) hee went into his Cell, and left Saladine and Rosader, whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who seing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when he heard the whole matter, although he grieued for the exile of his Master, yet hee loued that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth he was proued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a long while, and seeing what familiarity passed betweene them, and what fauours, were interchanged with brotherly affection, said thus: yea marry, thus it should bee, this was the concord that old Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux wished betweene you. Now fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them looke to liue fortunate and die honourable.

Well said Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader, but haue any victuall in store for vs? A peice of red Deere, quoth he, and a bottle of Wine. His Fosters are kinde brother, quoth Rosader, and so they sate them downe, and fell to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast and well dined. Rosader take his brother Saladine by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enioyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked vp and downe with his brother, to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. During which time, hee was greatly mused of his Ganimede, who maruelled much (with Aliena) what should become of their Foreste, some while they thought he had taken

some word unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new loue had withdrawne his fancie, or happily he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds, or that he had made a reconcilement to his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These coniectures did they cast in their heades, but especially Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart, proued restlesse and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with long absence: for loue measures euery minute, and thinkes houres to be dayes, and dayes to be moneths, till they feede their eyes with the sight of their desired obiect. Thus perplexed lined poore Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came paring towards them with his sorrell Will on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and she said to Aliena, see Phillis where your iolly Forrester comes. And you are not a little glad (quoth Aliena) your nose betwrayes what pottage you loue, the wind cannot be tyed within a quarter, the sunne shadowed within a vale, nyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena began thus. Why how now, gentle Forrester, what minde hath kept you from home, that being so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalind, but to absent your selfe so many dayes? Are these the passions you painted out in your Sonnets and Roundelayes? I sir well, but loue is some cold, and that the fancie of men is like a lose feather that wauereth in the aire with the blast of euery winde. You are deceiued Phillis, quoth Rosader, twas a coppie of vnkindnesse that kept me hence, in that I being married, you carried away the Bride: but if I haue giuen any occasion of offence, by absenting my selfe three dayes, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tell you the truth, faire Phillis, and my gen Rosalind, my eldest brother, by the iniurie of Torismond, is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance his and I met in the Forrest. And here Rosader discourst vnto them what had happened betwixt them: which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede.

But Aliena hearing the tyrannie of her father, grieued inwardly, & yet smothered all things with such secresie, that the concealing was more to her, then the conceit, yet that her estate might be hid still,

she

the mad faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that saw how these parties valewed not her Deitie, but held her power in scorne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascalls that liued by prooling in a forrest, who for feare of the Prouost Martiall, had canes in the groues and thickets, to shrowd themselues from his traines: hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheardesse Aliena thought to steale her away, and giue her to the king for a present; hoping, because the king was a great teacher, by such a gift, to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her, and her page away. Thus resolued, whiles Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands on Aliena and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader, who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, then any way to be touch't with the least blemish of dishonor, and therefore dealt such blowes among them with his weapon, as hee did witnesse well vpon their carkasses, that he was no coward, But as *ab Hercule quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him: so that he was, not only battered, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had beene carried away by the rascalls, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her first loue into fauour) brought Saladine that way by chance, who wandring to finde out his brothers walke, encountred this crew, and seeing, not onely a Shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his Brother wounded, he hewed vp a forrest bill he had on his necke and the first hee stroke, had neuer after more neede of the Phisition, redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rosader seeing his brother so fortunatly arriued, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed among them, and laid on such loade, that some of the crew were slaine, and the rest fled, leauing Aliena and Ganimede to the possession of Rosader and Saladine.

Aliena, after shee had breathed a while, and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie, dressing vp the wounds of the Forrester: but shee cast her eye vpon this courteous champion, that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, as she beganne to measure euery part of him

with fauour, and in her selfe, to commend his personage and his valure, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of vnbridled villains. At last gathering his spirits together, she returned vnto him these thankes.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh, to relieue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manifest resolutions: Wee poore shepheardes haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with any great treasure, but our recompence is thanks, and faith our rewards to our friends without fayning. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde of gramercy, as a poore shepheardesse and her page may giue you: with promise (in what we may) neuer to prooue vngratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, young Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance, wele pay him with smiles, and side him with loue lookes, and though he be neuer the latter at the yeares end, yet wele so hoppor him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this shepheardesse thanke so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to survey all her lineaments with a curious insight: so long gazing on the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these bushes to haue a blow at him, hauing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a brow, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer be cured out. At last, after he had looked so long till Aliena want red, he returned her this answere.

Faire shepheardesse, if Fortune graunt mee with such good happe, as to doe you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest for the reliefe of a distressed woman, is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: seeing thereby hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duety then curtesie, thankes is more than belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either coy, or vncurteous to a Gentlewomans profter, I will take your kinde Gramercis for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede looke earnestly vpon him, and said. Truely Rosader this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No maruaile, quoth he (gentle Ganimede) for he is my deere Brother Saladine, your louer.

(quoth Aliena) and with that she blusht, but is the more welcome and I holde my selfe the more his debter, and for that hee hath in our behalfe done such a piece of seruice, if it please him to doe me that honour, I will call him seruant, and he shall call me mistris. Content (quoth Saladine) and when I forget to call you so, I will bee condemned of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue, quoth Rosader, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bleede sore, and I will haue them dreſt. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart, to see Rosader so pained, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a Mazer, the spiced it with the preciousest spices as she had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rising (with the helpe of his brother) hee take his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede, as soone as they were out of sight, leade her steede downe to a vale, and there vnder the shadowe of a Beech tree sate downe and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart. And Aliena as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganimede sitting vnder a Lemmon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with her selfe on this manner.

Alienaes Meditation.

Ah me, now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianaes Louers, are harbourers of Venus Doues, that there trace alwaies thorow the Lawnes, wantons, as chaste ones: that Calisto, be she neuer so chary, will cast an amorous eye at courting Loue: and Diana her selfe will change her shape but she will honour loue in a shadow, that maides eyes, bee they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath wings to make them more pliable then ware. See Aliena, how fortune, and loue haue interleagued themselues to be thy foes, and to make thee their subiect, or else their abiect, haue inueigled the sight with a most beautifull obiect. O Hate thou pedest Venus in argiuers, and Dianaes Damsells, now thou shalt be forst to be suppliant to her Deitie. Cupid was a boy, and blind, but alas his eyes had aime enough to pierce thee at the heart. Whilst I liued in the Court, I held loue in contempt, and in high scates I had small desire. I knew not affection whilst I liued in dignitie, now could Venus countercheck mee as long as my fortune was malestie and my thoughts honour: and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made low by destinie:

I haue heard them say, that loue lodges not at low Cottages, that Venus tels in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high that he scornes to touch pouertie with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but old wiues tales, and neither authenticall precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tels thee, that peasants haue their passions, as well as the Princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes, as soone about a shepe-coate as a pallace.

Ah Alinda, this day in enuying a preiudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladine, and what thinkst thou women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eye is fixed on some formely saint. If it bee so, beare thy passions with patience. Loue hath wrongd thee that hath not wrongd him, if hee be proud in contempt, bee thou rich in content, and rather die than discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, than to conceale loue and to die modest. He is sonne and heire of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough O Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou beene thus discontent: valiant, and that setteres thine eyes awhile, else hadst thou not bin now sworn: but for all these vertues, banisht by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he will hate the fruit for the tree, and consume the young sien for the old stock. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoeuer I will, and whatsoeuer betide, Alcina will thinke well of Saladine: suppose he of men we like please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, she rose vp, and went in Ganimede, who all this while stood in a great maze, fearing the imminent danger of her fathers displeasure: but now Alcina began to comfort her, her selfe hoping accordingly with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasant perswasions. Ganimede take all in the best part, and so they went [illegible] after they had taken their leaue, supping with old Corebus [illegible] their rest. But they haue to passe many thoughts whilest that, beguile a long discourse, how Montanus the young Shepheard that was in loue with Phebe, could by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her hands: but still pained in restlesse passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Alicia) once see that Phebe, is she so faire

that

that she thinkes no shepheard worthy of her beauty? or so froward, that no loue nor loyalty will content her? or so coy, that she requireth a long time to be woed, or so swifft, she forgets, that like a top, she must haue a large harueſt for a little corne.

I cannot distinguish, said Coridon, of these nice qualities, but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may see their persons, and note their passions, and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, said Coridon, if all maides were of her minde, the world would growe to a mad passe, for there should be much more of woing, and little wedding, many words and little worship, much folly, and no faith.

At this sad sentence of Coridon, so sadly brought forth, Aliena smiled, and because it waxed late, she and her Page went to bed, both of them hauing flees in their eares to keepe them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladine. In this discontented humour, they past away the time, till falling asleepe, their senses at rest, loue left them to their quiet slumbers: which were not long, for assone as Phebus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plow-swains to their handy labour, Aliena rose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awaked her Page, saying, the morning is farre spent, the day is small, and time calles them away to the folds. Ah ha, said Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? Then in faith I perceiue there is no Diamond so hard, but will yeeld to the File, no Cedar so strong but the worme will shake, no minde so chaste, but loue will change. Well Aliena must Saladine be the man, and will it bee a match? trust me, hee is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthie knight, whom if hee imitate in perfection, as hee represents him in proportion, hee is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But hee is an exile, what then? I hope my Phillis respects the vertues, not the wealth, and measures the qualities, not the substance.

These dames that are like Danae, that like Ioue in no shape, but in a shower of gold, I wish them husbands with much wealth, and little wit, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) staine the honor of a shepheards life, to set the end of passions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looke not so low as gold, there is no fee to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder times (as Coridon hath told me) the shepheards loue gifts were Apples, and Chesnuts,

mate, and then their desires were legal, and their thoughts constant. But note,

Quærenda pecunia primum, post numerus virtus!

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres spoketh:

——— nunc eadem rursus,

Vertas, fama docet, si vitia hæserunt pectoribus

Dilectis puerorum quæ primo tempore mollis

Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens, etiam rex,

Et quicquid volet.

But Alicia, let it not be so with thee in thy sundries, but rather bis sathy, and there an end. Alicia hearing Ganimede thus inclined to further Saladine in his affections, thought that she did the childe for the mothers sake, and loved him, that she might please. Rosader made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? shall thou finde love in my looke, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they bewray some new entertained fancies? If thou readdest my thoughts by my countenance, thou shalt finde me as the Lapidary, that knows of the secret vertues of the Topaze, by the outward shadowing of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knowne by the shadow, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse, but by the hardnesse. The Lapidarie that knows most, is ever the most precious: and Apothecaries chuse not flowers by their colours, but by their vertues. Outward shewes are not alwaies interpreters of inside, nor doe their thoughts alwaies accord: for when their eyes are fullest of teares, then are they most empty of desire: and when they seeme to revolve and plaine, then are they most affectionate to alteration. If I bee melancholy, then Ganimede is not a consequence, that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But seeing fire cannot bee hid in the straw, my love kept so covert but it will be spied, what should friends conceale farthest from (my Ganimede) the beauty and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladine? why fetterest Alicia so fast, as there is no other pleasing her eyes, but the sight of Saladine, and if long past long vies in-

stice

Alice, to lay his thoughts in the folds of the face, and that he is as deepely enamoured as I am passionate; I tell thee Ganimede, there shall not be much woing for shee is already wonne, and what needs a longer battery? I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it shall bee thus proportioned, you to match with Saladine, and I with Rosader, thus haue the destinies fauoured vs with some pleasing obiect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her reuay, and went into the fields with Aliena, where vnfolding their flocks they sate them down vnder an Oliue tree, both of them pensiue, and yet diuerslie affected: Aliena toying in the excellence of Saladine, and Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought, till she might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espy where Coridon came running towards them almost out of breath with haste. What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh mistris (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time desired to see Phœbe the faire Shepheardesse, whom Montanus loues, if now so it please you and Ganimede to walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with his country ditties, and she to coy vs if she held loue in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two louers, that vp they rose and went with Coridon. Aliena as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espye where Phœbe sate (the faire'st Shepheardesse in all Arden, and the frolikest Swaine in the whole Forrest) there in a petticoate of Scarlet, couered with a greene mantle, and to shroude her from the sun a chaplet of Roses, from vnder which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might haue amated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Nimph sate the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her fauours, woing with such pitious lookes and courting with such deepe fraimed sighes: as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue beene compassionate: at last fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournfull Ditte.

Montanus Sonnet.

A Turtle sate vpon a leaueleſſe tree,
mourning her abſent pheare,

With sad and sorry cheere
About her wandring flood,
The Earth and wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her loue laments:
The stately trees complaine them
And birds with sorrow paine them
Each one that doth her view,
Hey paine and sorrowes true:
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouerthrowne,
Oh how would *Phœbe* sigh, if she looke on me?

The loue-sicke *Polyphem* that could not see,
Who on the barraine shore,
His sorrowes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone
And with his eyes,
Affrights both earth and skyes,
And to his woe betooke?
Doth breake both pype and hooke,
For whom complaines the mountes,
For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne,
Also his paine is vaught:
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would *Phœbe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine, yet glad am I,
If gentle *Phœbe* deigne, to soften *Meleus* die.

After this Moncorus felt his passions so extreame, that he fell into this lamentation against the tiranizes of Loue.

Helas Tyrant plein de rigueur
Modere un peu ta violence.
Que te sert oi si grande despence?
C'est trop de flammes pour vn cœur,
Espargne vn vas si inutile,

Phi

Puis f sit ton effort d'e ſmouvoir,
Lafiere qui ne veut point mort
En queſſe vie bruſle dong elle
Executte Amour ce deſſein
Et rabaiſſe un peu ſon audace,
Son cœur ne doit eſtre de glace,
Bien que elle ait de neige le ſein.

Montanus ended his Sonnet with such a conte of loue, and such a streame of teares, as might haue moued any, but Phebe, to haue granted him fauour. But shee measuring all his passions with a coy disdaine, and triumphing in the pride of her perfection perpetuall humours, smiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had beene no maladie, scornefully warbled out this Sonnet.

Phœbes *Sonnet, A reply to* Montanus *passion.*

Downe a downe,
Thus *Phillis* sung,
By fansie once distressed:
Who so by foolish loue are stung,
Are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I with a downe downe &c.

When loue was first begot,
And by the mothers will,
Did fall to humane lot,
Hir place to enthrill:
Deuode of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire,
Did quicken mens conceit,
And womens breast inspire,
The Gods that saw the good,
That mortals did approue,
With kind and holy mood,
Began to talke of loue.
Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* sung,
By fansie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare:
Whilst loue indeed and word,
Most faithfull did appeare,
False semblance came in place,
By jealousie attended:
And with a double face,
Both Loue and Fancie blended
Which make the Gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie,
And maidens scorne a make,
For sooth, and so will I.
Downe a downe,
Thus *Phillis* sung,
By fancie once distressed:
Who so by foolish loue are stung,
are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, with downe, adowne, a downe.

Montanus hearing the cruell resolution of Phoebe, was in ouergroious with passions, that fraught with sundrie sighes, he fell flat into these termes. Ah Phoebe, hadst thou neuer set eyes vpon Montanus, thou hadst not now occasion to triumph in his ouerthrow: had not thy beautie entertained me by an abiect & base loue, thou mightest haue scorned me with a disdainfull looke: had not thy beames pierced my heart, they could not haue wounded my head: had not thy fauours allured me, thy frownes could not haue killed me: had not thy eyes contemned me by an abiect & base loue, thou mightest haue scorned me with a disdainfull looke: had not thy beames pierced my heart, they could not haue wounded my head: had not thy fauours allured me, thy frownes could not haue killed me: had not thy eyes cantemned me by an abiect & base loue, that thy eyes cantemned me by an abiect & base loue, that thy eyes cantemned me by an abiect & base loue, that

sell (Phœbe) the teares of dispaire haue made my cheekes full of wrinckles, and my scalding sighs haue made the aire echo her pittie, conceiued in my plaints: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my passions. I haue pourtrayed in euery tree the beautie of my Mistris, and the despaires of my loue. What is it in the woods cannot witnesse my woes? and who is it would not pittie my plaints? onely Phœbe: and why? because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe: I a worthlesse Swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phœbe, oh might I say pittifull, then happy were I, though I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus, not by his fortune, but by his loue, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, ah, if Phœbe cannot loue, let a frowne of frownes end the discontents of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are aboue my deserts, onely at my death, this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shall say, Montanus died for loue of hard hearted Phœbe.

At these words she fild her face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharpe reply. Importunate Shepheard, whose loues are lasciuious, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale it with patience? Or art thou so foolish sicke, that thou must needs bee lunatic sicke, and in thy affection tyed to such an exigent, as none serues but Phœbe? Well sir, if your market can be made no where else, home againe, for your ware is at the fairest.

Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus, I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine, not that I scorne thee, but that I hate loue, for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer fancie as ouer fortune. Rest thee content therefore Montanus, leape from thy loues, and hide thy looks, quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame, for in louing me, thou shalt but line by lose, and what thou writest in woods, are written in the water. Attempt thou Montanus as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander: Phœbe could not loue, because shee cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flee with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer hearing these passions of Montanus, could not

not hyde the crueltie of Phebe, but starting from behinde the bush, said: And if (Damsell) you flee from me, I would transforme you, as Daphne to a Bay, and then in contempt, trample your branches under my feet. Phebe at this disdaine reply, was amazed, especially when she saw so faire a Swaine as Ganimede: blushing therefore she would haue beene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What Shepheardesse, faire, and so cruell, disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor rigour Swaines: for either they doe condemne to bee too proude, or too froward. Take heede faire Nymph, that in beholding long, you be not ouer-reached with loue, and in shaking off all, chuse you fewe to your share: and so with Narcissus prous pollicite, and yet inquire. Well haue I heard, and sometimes haue seene high disdaine turned to hot desires. Rosaline, thou art beautifull, but not so coy: as there is nothing more faire, so is there nothing more fading: as momentanie as the shadowes that growe from a cloudy Sunne, such, my faire Shepheardesse, is disdaine in youth, nurse in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might haue been loued in the spring. A withered maide is like a parched Rose, that is cast by in Coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye, there is no folly in loue to loue, with, and therefore be ruled by mee, loue while thou art young, least thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou loue, like of Menaphon; for as his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply examining of his perfection, as Menaphon entangled with beauty, for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that shee thought the ghost of Adonis had beene come from Elisium, in the shape of a Swaine. Whom she blushed at her owne folly, to looke so long on a stranger, thus mildly made answere to Ganimede thus: I cannot tell Sir, but I finde pearts of loue, though I never felt loue, nor haue read of such a Goddesse as Venus, though I never saw any but my glasse, and perhaps, and saith that shee knew not herselfe, and sighed, which Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her selfe the subtilitie of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. Why perhaps Sir, quoth shee, mine eye hath beene more powerfull to wey then ouer before? and saith that shee sighed again, as one greatly passionate and perplexed

plored. Aliena seeing the Hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle: but in baine, for at this abrupt period she brake off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermilion die, she fate downe and sighed, whereupon Aliena, and Ganimede, seeing the shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left Phebe with her Montanus, willing her friendly, that she would be more pliant to loue, least in penance, Venus ioyned to her some sharpe penance, Phebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Ecco made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle-boy perceiued Phebe was pincht by the heele.

But leauing Phebe to the folly of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her: to Saladine, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, insomuch that he framed a sweete conceited sonnet to content his humor, which he put in his bosome: being requested by his brother Rosader to goe to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them, that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happie message could not happen to Saladine, that taking his Fauchet hill on his neck, he trudged in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienas flocke did feede: comming iust to the place, when they returned from Montanus and Phebe. Fortune so conducted this iolly Forester that he encountred them and Coridon, whom he presently saluted on this manner.

Faire shepheardesse, and so faire, vnlesse your beauty be tempered with curtesie, and the lineaments of the face graced with the lowlines of minde: as many good fortunes to you and your page as gentlenes can deuise and imagin. My brother Rosader (in the griefe of his green wounds) still mindfull of his friends hath sent me vnto you with a kind salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious, in whose defence he receiued his preiudice. The report of your welfare, will bee a great comfort to his distempred body, and vnrested thoughts, and therefore sent me with a strict charge to visite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome, in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrow, as hee brookes them with griefe: and his wounds breede in vs many passions, as in him extreamities: so that what disquiet he feeles in body, we partake in heart.

Wishing

wishing (if we might) that our mishap might salue his malade. But seing our wishes yeelde him little ease, our orizons are neuer vsde to the Gods for his recouerie, I pray you (quoth Ganimede) with teares in his eyes, when the Surgeon searcht him, held he his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine) but not mortall, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within theese tenne dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalind commends her vnto him, and bids him be vigilant there. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalind is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions he vseth Rosalind as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience. Insomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue with some Paragon, that holds his heart perplexed, whose name hee oft recounts with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles: as if in one person loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancy, that like the Polype in colours, doth change in sundrie humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure inwrapt in a sweete preiudice, like to the Anople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infect the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena) Sir, you are deeply read in loue, or greeues your insight into affection by experience? Howsoeuer, vndoubtedly it seemeth you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discouer our secret Sympathies. But Sir, our Country amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them, till loue paines them, where the Courtiers eye is full of Compassion, when his heart is most free from affection: They court to discouer their eloquence, we loue to ease our sorrowes: euerie faire face with them must haue a new fancie, sealed with a louie finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sigh: we heere loue one, and liue to that one, so long as life can maintaine. Loue, vsing few ceremonies, because wee know few subtilties, and little eliquence for that we lightly account of flatterie: onely Faith and Troth, that is Shepheards wooing: and Sir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I could tye my selfe to such loue. What, and loue so low as a Shepheardesse, seeing the

The loues of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, such bellres were a disgrace to your honour, and with that inuenting scrupulously euery part of him, as pittying all these louers in a like passion, she slipped the paper in his bosome, whereupon growing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, she sodainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret: she was bashfull, and Saladine blushd, which she perceiuing, fell a laughing, if you were rea, my life for yours the same loue-matter: go to your spirits tunes, you plaine, and your passions. And with that she cast on it, which was written to this effect.

Saladines Sonnet.

If it be true that heauens eternall course,
With restlesse sway and ceaselesse turning glides:
If skies inconstant be and trauelling sorte,
Turnes and returnes with many diuerse tides:
If earth in winter, summers pride estrange,
And nature seemeth onely faire in change:

If it be true that our immortall spright,
Deriu'd from heauenly pure, in wandring still,
In sundry and strange shapes doth delight,
And by discouering power discerneth ill.
And if the body for to worke his best,
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest:

Whence comes it that inforst by furious skies,
I change both place and soyle, but not my heart,
Yet liue not in this change my maladies?
Whence growes it that each obiect workes my smart?
Alas I see my faith procures my mischiefe,
And change in loue against my nature is.

Et florida pungunt.

Alinda hauing read ouer the Sonnet, began thus pleasantly to debate vpon it. I (quoth she) that as the Sonnet is no Sonnet without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted for precious, vnlesse it be hard: so men are no men vnlesse they be in

loue: and their honors are measured by their amorets: not their labours; counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fansie, then full of vertue. I had thought.

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus
Contemptæ iacerent & sine laude faces.

But I sir Ouids axiome is not authenticall, for mens labour hath her loues, and extremitie in warres stoops to take out fansie whose selfe exiled from your wealth, armes, and Comedies, by Tyrtæus rough (sonorous enough to inuite to affection) yet amidst the wrath of these extremities, loue will be Lord, and their his power to be more preuominant than fortune: but I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some old desires? Saladine that now saw opportunitie pleasant, thought to strike, while the iron was hot, and therefore taking Alinda by the hand, sate downe by her: and Ganimede to giue them leaue to their loues, found her selfe busie about the folds, while Saladine fell into this parle with Alinda.

Faire Oliuia, if I be blunt in discouering my affection, and vse little eloquence in lamenting my paines, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, Shepheards vse no ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselues with few sentences to frame my selfe therefore to your Countrey fashion, will vse plaine truth and little flatterie: know beautifull Oliuia, that vnwares I liued in the Court, I knew not loues number, but I held affection as a toy; not as a maladie: I sung sonets as the Hyperbole was their flowers which they wear in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuel at night. I liked all, because I loued none, and who was most fairy, on her I fed, sate vp, but sauntered as the Bee, that as soone as shee hath sucked Honie from the Rose, straight flieth to the next Marigold, finding that as odious alone like, I wondred at such as spent in loues rule whose I made these positions, I tooke them onely for Paradoxes, that flaire from the quicknesse of their wit, not the forediuined thirst of their heart: But now faire Nymph since I became a Forester, Loue hath taught mee such a lesson, that I must confesse his deity and dignitie, as there is nothing so perious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing than Fansie. For since first I arriued in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I found heere in fetters with your beauty and vertue, my (sweete Alinda) Saladine without further circumstance loues

ladies Alinda. If I could paint out my colors with long vmbages: but seeing in many words lies mistrust, and that truth is euer taken for plainnesse of courtesy vowing, Saladine loues Alinda, and none but Alinda. Although these words were most heauenly harmony in the eares of the shepheardesse, yet to seeme coy at the first courting, and to dissemble loue, before louer, they made this reply.

My Saladine, though I seeme simple, yet am I more subtile than to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted baite: as men are liuely, so women are wary, specially if they haue that wit, by others harmes to beware. Doe we not know, Saladine, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that calls inchaunt Argus with an hundred eyes? and their words are as pestilentiall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters? If such Syrens sing, we poore women had need stop our eares, least in hearing, we proue so fatally borne, as to beleeue them: and so perish by trusting much, and skipping little. Saladine, *Fit ars vbi fraus*, he that hath his owne posies read, and afterwards learnes not to breake of euery posie, is but by his owne double penance. Glad were I leaue then to misdoubt, though I doe not condemne. Saladine is mad in loue with Alinda, he a Shepheard of great parentage, she a shepheardesse of meane parentage, how possible, how probable? can loue consist of disparities? shall the Eagle marry with the Kestrell, the Lion harbor with the Wolfe? shall Venus Doues roost and rest together? or can there be a sympathy betweene Saladine and Alinda? I beleeue that, that loue should haue no foundation, whose fortune hath set such a difference: but seeing I haue supposed their liuelihood, their beauties, their seuerall colours, &c. which crowned that flower from whence the bees gather their honey, like the inhabitants of the Ilands of Sicilia, which gathered sweetnesse from the Flowers of Thimbria, which they haue gathered sweetnesse from, let the Flowers be sweet, I beseech you, gentlemen, shepheardesses, with the Bees of sweeter farre, yeild them for necessary vses: and increase with that which they desire to haue, sweetnesse: so shall the shepheardesses of Sicilia, and Thimbria, still enioy the sweetnesse of their flowers: and Saladine, that which he supposes to be sweetnesse in Alinda, shall not turne to bitternesse and sharpnesse, but continue sweetnesse: for sweete flowers and sweete Bees are the best for sweete. Saladine hearing how Alinda began still to

one string, which long the want of arms confidencie, he brake off her sharpe tongue the sharp.

I grant Alinda (quoth he) many men have been missed in passing, have ripe, and some rotten: but particulars are seldom safer no general rule conclusions: & therefore I hope, sith of your owne confession in shall not prejudice my desire. I will not be tedious to trouble me any longer for that is infinitie: mee long discourse. Let me now might be mee of a discussion I love Alinda, and love Alinda: matter true blessedness, & true true, but in testimonie my faithfull meaning, and the assurance of marriage.

Alinda fixed on a sharp answer to answer, hearing of him heare to say, to prove plainer truth per affronte, of the heare to courteous, to discover the passion of her mistress. In a silence answer what to make of his speeches: Saladine, now thine I am sure. I assure you, I answer unto me before, because I do not consider whether the disdaine, and in loving, to serve mine (quoth he) a story still in suspense, but if Saladine an Italian of the time, an affault qualities as the other Rosader, the more deserue the more, I beseech, [illegible] (quoth she) I am sure I am sure, I am sure, I am sure,

to depart home to his brother.

But Albida perplexed, and yet ioyfull, past away the nyght pleasantly, still gasing the perfection of Saladine, not ceasing to chat of her new loue, till rising vpon on, then they folding their sheepe, went home to bed. Where we leaue them, and returne to Phebe. Phebe fraught with the heauenly flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, gauled with restlesse passions, as soone she began to inuade lodge, there was no flower to fresh, but might be parched with the Sunne: no tree so strong, but might be shaken with a tempest, so short time he thought he could, for time armed with loue, could make aduantage: for this that into Diana by the Goddesse for her deuotion, was now come to die to the altar of Venus, by supplant with many prayers, as the loue frowardly dyde with disdaine. So that lying in her bed, she called to minde the liuerall braunches of young Ganimede, first his locks shyning being amber hues, pallely the louely Phebus gets on, to make his front glorious: his eyes glorious, and like the starre more embraced by his influence, to inchaine fancy: the eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth flames with pleasure, and stately maiestie, lightning such sweete as moues intierne beliefe, were the liuyng intierne of the Goddesse Venus: his cheekes the vermilion tinctures of the Rose: his lips as naturall Rubies, the blush of the morne like Ladies blush: thus where he found perfection, that the Troian that was not borne to Iupiter, was not halfe so beautifull, his face was full of pleasance, and the rest of his lineaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phebe was fettered in the sweetnesse of his feature. The Idea of these perfections trembling in her minde, made the poore shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempered with intollerable paines, and yet a delight mixt with a torment, she rather wished to be dying in this torment, then liuing without it. Nothing is so like vnto loue as loue, and yet nothing so vnlike: the louer he pines in her paleness, with sighes, sobs of her heauens resemble to the true: but as hating in hypocrites to make more perfect, and to conceale it, they go sometimes pale, as all the day long, growne to the greatest ghosts, that euer were seene, to the simple student resembling, who loues whether with reason, or vnreason, I cannot tell: but certaine I am, that Phebe began to loue, and loue began to inuade, for Cupid began to shoote his arrowes, her eyes began to looke a little wantonly, and

her long, that to be short, Phebe fell extreame sick, whilst sick, and (should I) left mistresse of her selfe, being (as before I have often told) [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then, or thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose mee most constant. If thou feare me hard hearted, because I hate: Measure thine I hate not to it by Fate. If thou sayst I am blind brested, because so lightly I loued thee at the first looke, thinke I was driuen to it by Destinie, whose influence, as it is mighty, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate loue, I would striue with Fortune: but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one nayle by putting in another. If Ganimede, loue enters at the eye, it harbours in the heart, and will neither be driuen out with perswasion, nor reason: pitie me, as one whose miserable hap he falne, but fauour thy sweet selfe, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy grant: and thinke I am a virgin who is deeply wounded when I am shot to time, and protecture Loue to bee strong, that is more forcible than Nature. Thus distressed, vnlesse by thee eased, I expect either to liue fortunately by thy fauour, or die miserable by thy default. Liuing in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine:
or not at all, *Philautus.*

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet,

My Boat doth passe the streights,
Of Seas inrunne with fire,
Fild with forgetfulnesse,
Amidst the winters night:
A blind and carelesse boy,
(Brought vp by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea,
Of sorrow and despight.
For every pore he sets,
A ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (in stead of waues)
A hope without distresse.
The winds of my deepe sighes,
(That thunder still for anguish)
Haue split my sailes with fears,
With care and heauy wastle,

Dothe Almighty forme of waues.
Ablacke and hideous cloudes,
A thousand fierce diuorces
Doe shake the Poles vpside downe,
Till ignorance do pull
And enuie hide the shrowde,
No starre for safety shines,
No Pilote from aloft,
Time hath subdued Accord Ioy is turne to Woe,
Alas (Loue guide) be kind, what shall I perish so?

This Letter read the Louers being ended, they could finde no occasion to flatter, more therefore they omitted Mantuan, and vnwraueled how to excuse it to Ganimede. Although poore Monsanus sate by as a tittle pole, and did perceiue that Galatea practised, got (that he might frame himself to his purpose in all her seruice) he dissembled the matter, and hauing a hollow messenger of his owne inuention, went (taking the letter) vnto the next mayne berry early in the morning where Alinda fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede sitting vnder a Pomgranate tree, scorning to the bare fruitures of her Rosalder. Monsanus saluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the Letters, which (he saith) came from Phebe. At this the wanton wagge, and being ashamed to take what newes should come from an vnmindfull Phebe, but taking the Letters inript the seales, and read ouer the Passions of Phebes fancies. When she had read and more more them, Ganimede began to smile, and looking on Monsanus, fell into a great laughter, and iudy that called Alinda, to whom he deliuered the Letters, hee hauing perused them, conceited them very pleasantly, and talked to her how Loue had poisted her, into Louers mouthes not Eares to the lure. Alinda whispering Ganimede in the eare, said vnto Phebe what meant there here in thes to perswade you still? and bids tell thy kind is to be kinde to her, she knowes no such, and lets me answere: but leauing that, I pray you let us haue some thing.

At this word Ganimede turning to Monsanus, began to glance at him thus. I pray thee tell me Monsanus by those sweet thoughts and pleasing lookes that passe from the watchmen, art thou in loue with Phebe? Oh my pretty youth Monsanus, were Phebe

so far in loue with me, my flocks would be more fat, and their fleeces more white: but though the fairenes of my Parent, graues the loue of my Mayd: Alas poore Rosaline, saith Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, that there is no remedie, but perswasion will blemish the pride of thy affection, and can no other thing worke thy liking? Yes Ganimede, quoth she, I am so farre inflam'd with Menaphons loue, that I am ready to die, vnlesse I may enioy him: and therefore, gentle Ganimede, if euer thou knewest what it were to loue, or hast felt the force of Cupids shafts, pittie poore Rosaline, and vse some meanes that Menaphon may, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the secrets of thy fancies, and then shalt thou soone finde, that I can (if not more) yet as much as thy selfe, pittie the passions of loue, and therefore will I not sticke to vse any deuice, or practise any thing, that may further thy affection. Ganimede, quoth Rosaline, and the like better then before, shall follow thee where euer thou goest, but see you faile not, for if you doe, I vow by the chaste Queene of Syria, neuer to speake with you more. Ganimede hearing this, and knowing the nature of Rosaline, that she was as constant as she was faire, and as wise as she was wilfull, and that Menaphon was the onely Paragon of her heart: he began to cast in his head, how he might worke his owne wish, and her desire: at length he called to mind, that Menaphon had a Sister called Phebe, whose beauty was such, as it might inchaine the liberty of the proudest Louer, and whose vertues were of such perfection, as they might make the most wanton wife, and the most wilfull woman graue and modest: he therefore thought to send for her, and to make her acquainted with the passions of Rosaline: and so hauing plotted in his head what he would say, he began to speake to Rosaline, and said, Rosaline, I am glad that I haue found out a meane to pleasure you, and to purchase my owne liberty: for I haue a Sister, whose beauty is such, as if Menaphon see her, he will be inchanted with her loue, and whose vertues are such, as if you be wise, you will vse her counsell: therefore write vnto her, and I will send for her, and I doubt not but she will come, and if she come, I am sure she will do more then I can say, for I know she will not be vnwilling to pleasure me. Rosaline hearing Ganimede say so, wrote vnto Phebe, and Ganimede sent for her, who came with all speed to the Court, and was welcomed of Rosaline, and Ganimede, and entertained with such curtesie, as she thought her selfe highly fauoured: but when she saw Menaphon, she was so rauished with his beauty, that she had not a word to say to him, but sate as one in a dumpe, looking on him, and he on her, as if they had neuer seene faire Ladies before: but Ganimede perceiuing, that Phebe was at a non plus, and that Menaphon was both dumbe, and senselesse, he began to reuiue them both, and to make them more familiar: but Phebe was so farre in loue with Menaphon, that she could not dissemble her affection, but began to shew her selfe more kinde then was conuenient for a Virgin, and Menaphon, who was as much inchanted with her beauty, as she with his, began to be more bold with her then was meete for a Gentleman: but Ganimede, who was the Author of this loue, and the deuiser of this deuice, began to be iealous, that Menaphon would be too much affected to Phebe, and that Rosaline would be too much displeased with him, and therefore he began to breake off their loue, and to make them more strange: but Menaphon seeing Phebe more amiable then Rosaline, and Phebe more affable then Ganimede, he began to be more strange to Ganimede, and more familiar with Phebe: Ganimede seeing this, and fearing

his pallace, and commaunde his captaines, leading bels they might
[illegible]

discouer

Ganimede, still the pleasant humor Montanus? what reason, quoth he, doth greatly that loue thee? If thou vse to thee, then will I fancy him: considering, that loue cannot be supplied with no reason, as being without reason. Ganimede will smile very pleasantly to Phœbe. I grant it sauors the gentlewoman, quoth he, and to vse this with the courtesie of those, that would like me? I will neuer martyre poore soules to women, knowing right well, how much that Ganimede gaue Phœbe a friendly kisse, and how many tokens of comfort, that before Ganimede departed, she cast out of her eies and mouth him and Montanus to grow there as could be found in such a country Cottage, Ganimede in midest of this banquet rehearsing the promises of either, to Montanus fained, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all were content, and euery one in hope, Ganimede take his leaue of Phœbe, and departed, leauing her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. What paine Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, calling to remembrance his wounds till her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, pleased to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to driue away her passions. So they came on the plaines, they might espie where Rosader and Saladine, sate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a salue to her griefe, and such a reuiuall into her heart, that she left hauing her lambes full of loy. At last, Coridon (who was with them) spake Ganimede: with that she blushed rose, and remembring to whom he spake, cried, O Hera, a mayde, a mayde, our Phillis shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore pleasant soules to betray Ganimede, who comming to the crue, saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying, that he was glad to see him in health remembring the wounds. And not long abode he here, quoth Rosader, heere? I and blessed be the marriage, which on Sunday next must be solemnized betweene my brother and Aliena. If he will tarry, sayd Saladine, aske it Ganimede, and what shall moue him to tarry more then my request? Alas, quoth Ganimede, my loue is greater then any can be to Rosader that was taught to marrie to Rosalinde? Rosalinde Ganimede, quoth he, O sweete Rosalind, remember not my vnkindnesse in the thought of her perfection, in the thrall of my misery. Why, be of good cheere man, quoth Ganimede, I know a friend that is skilfull experienced in negromancy and magicke, that will cause Rosalinde to come to thine acquaintance. I will cause to bring in Rosalind, if either France, or any inchanting Nigrom barbarous

her, and hyen that take the faith of a young shepheard, Aliena smi-
led to see how Rosader fondly thinking that Gerismond had letter
saith him, went speaking off from these matters. The Page somewhat
pleasant, began to discourse unto them what had passed betweene
him & Phebe: which as they laughed, so they wondred at, confes-
sing that there is more in chaste, but true well couched. Thus they
past away the day in that, and when the Sunne began to fall, they
take their leaues, and departed. Aliena greeting his their marriage
nay such solemne cheere and bandmeates as fitted their Country
state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to
bring Gerismond as a guest. Ganimede, who then meant to dis-
cover her selfe before her father, had made her a garland of greene; and
a bottle of the finest sendall, in such sort, that they seemed some pea-
sauntly Nymph, harboured in Countrie attire.

Saladine was not behind in care to set out the nuptiels; nay Ro-
sader himselfe to his guests, inuiting Gerismond and his followe-
rs to the feast: who glad, granted, so that there was nothing but
the day wanting to the marriage. In the meane time Phebe being
a diuers guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye
of Ganimede: and Montanus fated himselfe with the coll of many of
his flocke to be gallant against that day. So then they Ganimede to
shew Phebe pastimes of the Forest, and Montanus, either to beare the
name of his vntrie, or the custome of his hospitalitie, but as this
guesse was a vaine thing, Phebe pull out a bag inclosed, filling her Ga-
nimede, so then they sought in the bottome of this bagge to finde,
such portesian, [illegible] of many perfumes. Phebe a little
angrie (as she thought) at her fortune. Ganimede smiling to
see what sweet meate should be pull out at the opening. She
[illegible] pulled the faucie that at last drawing cords, out
the fowle fell. Phebe [illegible] was nothing in charge, to [illegible]
knowne that she meant better then to trespasse in his displeasure.
Ganimede in his [illegible] [illegible] Gerismond for a
cruell Tyrant, both the same, and sayth [illegible]
hauing a heart of chastitie, deserue [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

and for his beauty his host, he had trust himselfe round with a bryer of rose cheeked points of needle cleane: his bonnet gracte, wherin was a trapes hooke with the picture of S. Denise: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, he had a faire shirt-band of fine Locheram, whipt over with Coventry bloth of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon beliim him selfe as chiefe Winkler in chiefe matters, and put Gerismond all the house with flowers, that if Saturnes perfume of Flowers have powers than any Country Cottage.

Hither repaires Phœbe with all the maides of the Forrest, to lot out the time in the most pleasantest sort that might be, but howsoeuer the rest passed, Alienas, yet her eye was still on Ganimede: who sometimes in a suite of grey that her brother Erchinion when he went Lime with his sheepe, or Paris when hee plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Nimph Oenone, Ganimede like a pretty page waited on his Mistris Aliena: a sure hint that all was in readines against the bridegroome should come. Who attired in a Forresters suite came accompanied with Gerismond, and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arriued, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena, and the rest of the country Swaines. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladine, in that hee had placed a Shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beautie, being no lesse faire than seruing maiest. Ganimede comming as steering her father, began to blush. Nature working effects by her secret effects, scarce could shee abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes, yet that was wont to sit in his royall palace, attended on by diuine noble Peeres, now to her content with a simple cottage, and a troupe of rewelling hinchmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that the might triumph ouer fortune with patience, and not any inordinate passion that might betray her weakenes, she smothered her melancholy with a shewe of mirth, and very reuerently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but in his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his orderly seruice, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with the Foresters frolickt it amongst the Shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire Platter full of Apples, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that he

bee-

he began to smile, and take it of the old Gentleman very kindly, vowing in Aliens ende the rest of her daies neuer to weare Phœbe into the Lyonesse. Aliena pledged the King, and thanked sir Rosader: in the meane while came Gerismond, and Saladine, and all the rest of the Lordes, to the Court, where they were then wishing, and ready vnder to Church, came in Montanus apparelled all in satten, in fashion like vnto Gentlemen: on his head hung a garland of Laurell, his bottle hanged by his side, wherein were certain Sonnets, and in his hande he bare two Instruments, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Then at first came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his heart was of sorrowes, desiring in the countenance the causes of extremities. Who being set downe, and all the Lordes then assembled at the Court of all the Shepheards in Arden: this a hower long, heard there not sound saue the heauie sighs of Troy, that kept Sheepe in Ida. The King, who willing it to be Gerismond, bad him all the reasons the Country could make, which, perceiued that the King knew not his estate, desired leaue that he might Montanus entertaine him, make this reply. I am, quoth he, Loues Prisoner, as full of sorrow as I am of sorrowes: and I desire rather to suffer sorrow then to be free. Thou speakest like a man (answered the King) that hath tasted of Loues miseries, and I am sorie that I haue occasion to minister matter of griefe to him, that is the very Anatomie of sorrow: but I pray thee (for we are all attentiue) let vs vnderstand the cause of thy passions, that we may apply some medicine to cure thy maladies. Montanus hearing the King so courteous, began to tune his Instruments, and with a sweete Symphonie and a solemne voice, he sung this Sonnet.

as full of passions as I have discourst in my plaints, sir if you please, see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my fortunes.

These words of Montanus, brought the King into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that he tooke the papers off his booke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarm'd of reason, spoyld of natures goods,
Without redresse to salue my heavinesse,
I walke, whilest thought (too cruell to my harmes,
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse judgement charmes.)
My silent tongue assail'd by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprisoned in their joy,
My fatall peace devour'd in fained cheere,
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
My reason robb'd of power by yeelding eare,
My fond opinion slave to every toy.
Oh love, the guide in my uncertaine way,
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the Shepheard, that could so wittily enjoy his passions in a shadow, and so covertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming that as the least shrubs have their tops, the smallest haires their shadowes, so the meanest swaines had their fancie, and in their kind were as chary of love as a King. Whetted on with this deuice, he tooke the second and read it, the effects were these.

When the dogge,
Full of rage,
With his irefull eye,
Frownes amidst the skye;
The shepheard to asswage,
The furie of the heate,
Himselfe doth safely seate,
By a fount,
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath,
Mounting from beneath,
Tempereth the aire,
There his flockes,
Drinke their fill,

And with ease repose,
Whilst sweet sleepe doth close
Eyes from toyling ill,
But I burne,
Without rest,
No defensive power,
Shields from Phebes lower:
Sorrow is my best,
Gentle loue
Lowre no more.

If thou wilt invade,
In the secret shade,
Labour not so sore,
I my selfe,
And my flocks,
They their loue to pleale,
I my selfe to ease,
Both leave the shady oakes,
Content to burne in fire,
Sith love doth so desire.

Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond seeing the pithie veine of those sonnets, began to make further enquiry what he was: whereupon Rosader discourst into him the loue of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loyaltie, and her great cruelty, and how in reuenge the Gods had vnder the curious Nimph amezous of young Ganimede. Upon this discourse the King was desirous to see Phœbe, who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermilion tincture that the kings eyes beganne to dazle at the beauty of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while vpon her faire, hee questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus loue with so little regard, seeing his secrets were many, and his passions extreame. Phœbe to make reply to the Kings demand, answered thus: Loue (sir) is charitie in his law, and whatsoeuer he sets downe for iustice, bee it neuer so vniust, the sentence cannot be reuerst: womens fancies tend to nouelty, and euer by nature, but as they are inforst by their wishes: for fancie is tied to the wings of fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charmes of a pleasant tongue, as Vlisses the melodie of the Syrens: Montanus is beautifull, and womens eyes are inamored in the excellence of the obiects, as desirous to feed their lookes with a faire face, as the Bee to sucke the sweete flower, Montanus is wealthy, and an ounce of gine me, perswades a woman more then a pound of heare me.

Danae was won with a golden showre, when shee could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter: I tell you sir, the stirring of a womans heart resteth in the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she will prove his heart gold.

Montanus,

Montanus is young, a great clause in fancies court: Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that love yeelds, and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, loving the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destines have set downe a contrarie censure. Yet Venus, to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sawce, and string mee with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance: for I am in loue with a shepheards Swaine, as coy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus; as peremptorie in disdaine, as I was peruerse in desire, and that is, quoth she, Alienas page, young Ganimede.

Gerismond desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the cause, came in graced with such a bluslh, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddy brightnes. The king noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede: beganne by his fauour, to call to minde the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him, why he sighed so soze: Because Rosader, quoth he, the fauour of Ganimede puts me in mind of Rosalynd. At this word, Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quit me with such a sigh? Pardon me sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd. And vpon condition quoth Gerismond that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turned her head, and smiled vpon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keepe countenance: yet shee salued all with secresie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumps, questioned with Ganimede what the reason was hee regarded not Phebes loue, seeing shee was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede answered, if I should affect the faire Phebe, I should greatly iniure my maze Montanus, to winne that from him in a moment, he hath laboured for so many moneths. Yet haue I promised to the beautifull shepheardesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with his promise, that if I can with reason suppresse Peebes loue towards me, shee shall like of none but Montanus. To that quoth Phœbe, I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasiue of reason: for suffice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure will I stand, quoth Phœbe. And in your iudge quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortune: for if Ganimede

goe along with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit louers monarch: if Phebe faine, then am I in effect most miserable. Wee will see this controuersie quoth Gerismon, and then we will to church; therefore Ganimede let us heare your argument. Nay pardon my absence a while, quoth she, & you shall see me in staye. In went Ganimede & drest her selfe in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sendall, so quaint, that shee seemed Diana, triumphing in the thest; vpon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her flowers, thus attired came Rosalynd in, and presented her selfe at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, as craueing his blessing, & discoursing vnto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, and how euer since she liued in that country disguised. Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, and fell vpon her neck, uttering the passions of his ioy in watery plaints, driuen into such an extasie of content that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and ioyfull, I refere my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, & seeing his Rosalynd before his face, whom so long and so deepely he had affected. At last Gerismond retoured his spirites, and in most fatherly termes entertayned his daughter Rosalind, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. Nothing my Lord, quoth she, as there is nothing but your grace wanting to the marriage. Take them quoth Gerismond, Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptiall. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king and embraced his Rosalynd, who running to Phebe, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppresse the force of her loues. Yes quoth Phebe, & so great a perswasion that if it please you mayam, and Aliena, to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage, who had no sooner spoke this word, but Montanus threw away his Garland of Willow, his bottle, where was painted despayre, and cast his Sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolike as Paris when he hanseled his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded, that Montanus and Phebe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladine stand in a dumpe, to make him from his heauie beganne thus: Why how now my Saladine, all amort, what man, melancholy at the day of marriage? perchance

perchance thou art sorrowfull to think on thy brothers high fortunes: and thine own base desires, to chuse so meane a shepheards calle. Cheere up thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a King; for now Saladine I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortall enemie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising up, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said: Is this that faire Alinda, famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court, to live with the rebells the countrey? The same quoth Alinda. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, jolly forrester, be frolike, thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. She hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladine, an humble seruant, and till of amiable fauour. Whiles euery one was amazed at these contrall euents, Coridon came skipping in, and told them the priest was at Church, and tarried their comming Gerismond led them the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of the countrey swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnely solemnized. Masse as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was prouided, the tables were spred, and the bride sat downe by Gerismond: Rosader, Saladine and Montanus that day were seruitors: homely cheere they had, such as the countrey could afford, but to mend this fare they had mickle good chat, and merry discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung with this pleasant song.

Coridons Song.

A blithe and bonny country lasse,
heigh ho, bonny lasse,
Sate sighing on the cinder grasse,
And weeping said, will none come woo me?
A smicker boy, a lither swayne,
heigh ho, a smicker swayne,
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with smiling lookes strait came vnto her.
When as the wanton wench espide,
high ho, when she espide:

The meanes to make her ſelfe a bride,
ſhe ſimpered ſmooth like bonny bell,
The ſwaine that ſaw her ſquint-eide kinde,
heigh ho ſquint-eide kinde,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire laſſe, how faire ye? well.

The country Kit ſaid well, forſooth,
heigh ho, well forſooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me cries
Alas ſaid he what garres thy griefe?
heigh ho, what garres thy griefe?
A wound quoth ſhe without reliefe,
I feare a maide that I ſhall die.

If that be all the ſhepheard ſaid,
heigh ho, the ſhepheard ſaid,
Ile make thee wiue it gentle maid,
and ſo recure thy maladie:
Whereon they kiſt with many an oath,
heigh ho, with many an oath,
And for god Pan did plight their troth,
and to the Church they hied them faſt.

And God ſend every pretty peate,
heigh ho, the pretty peate,
What feares to die of this conceite,
ſo kinde a friend to helpe at laſt.

Coridon hauing thus made them merry, as they were in the middeſt of their iolitie, word was brought to Saladine and Roſader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arriued, and deſired to ſpeake with them. Geriſmond ouer-hearing this newes, demanded who it was; it is quoth Roſader, my middle brother, that liues a ſcholer in Paris, but what hath driuen him to ſeeke vs out, I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom hee welcomed with all curteſie: and Roſader gaue him no leſſe friendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor: where

they

they all sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many manners, as he could points of sophistrie, and was as well brought vp, as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond kneeling on his knee, not for what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craueth another course, and therefore from dainty cates, rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, leaue off your amours, and fall into armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shew your selues valiant, as hitherto you haue beene passionate. For know Gerismond that hard by, at the edge of this Forrest, the twelue Peeres of France are vp in armes, to recouer thy right, and Torismond trompt with a crew of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them battell. The armies are readie to ioyne, therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy Subiects: and you Saladine and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue beene hearty louers, so shall you for the benefit of your Country, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and proue children worthy of so honourable a parent.

At these newes, Gerismond leapt from the bord, and Saladine and Rosader betake themselues to their weapons. Nay quoth Gerismond, goe with me, I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that we carrie reuenge, and honor at our fauchions points. Thus they leaue the Brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father, he not returning a word because his haste was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally, led the way, not hauing ridden two leagues before they discouered, where in a valley both the battels were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there and cried, Saint Denis, laying such loade vpon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceiued that their lawfull King was there, they were more eager: and Saladine and Rosader so behaued themselues, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conquerours, Torismonds armie put to flight, and himselfe slaine in battell.

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The Peeres then gathered themselues together, and saluted the King, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received ioyfully of all the citizens.

Assoone as all was quiet, and he had received againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalind to the Court. Alinda seeing very passionate for the death of her father: yet brooked it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladine. Well, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for all the Peeres and the Lords of his Land, which continued thirty dayes, in such time summoning a Parliament by the consent of the Nobles, hee created Rosader Heire apparent to the kingdome, and restored Saladine to his fathers land, and gaue him the Dukedome of Namures; he made Fernandine principall Secretary to himselfe: and that fortune might every way seeme frolike, made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon Maister of Alindaes flocke.

HEere Gentlemen, may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, *that such as neglect their Fathers precepts, incurre much prejudice, that diuision in nature, is an ill blemish in nature, so vile a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that younger brethren, though inferiour in yeares, yet may be superiours in honour: that crosse-word is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt two brothers, more forcible than fortune: If you gather any fruit by this Legacie, speake well of* Euphues *for writing it, and for fetching it. If you grace me with that fauour, you encourage me to be the more forward: and assoone as I haue ouer-looke my labours, expect the Saylers Kalender.*

Tho. Lodge.

FINIS.